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THE NEW YORKER

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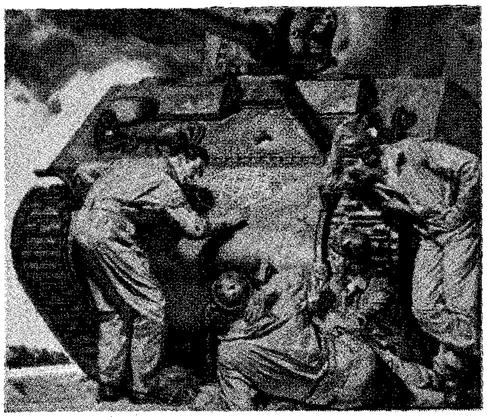

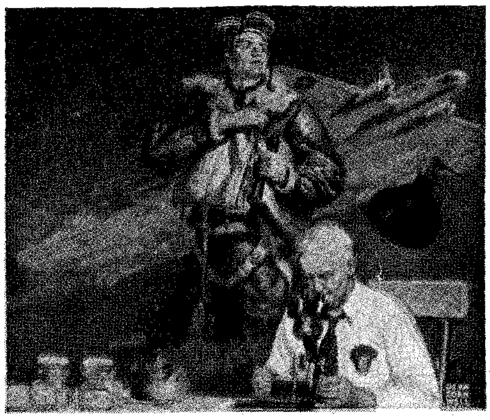

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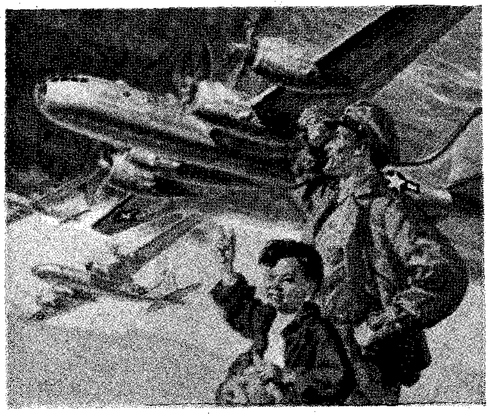

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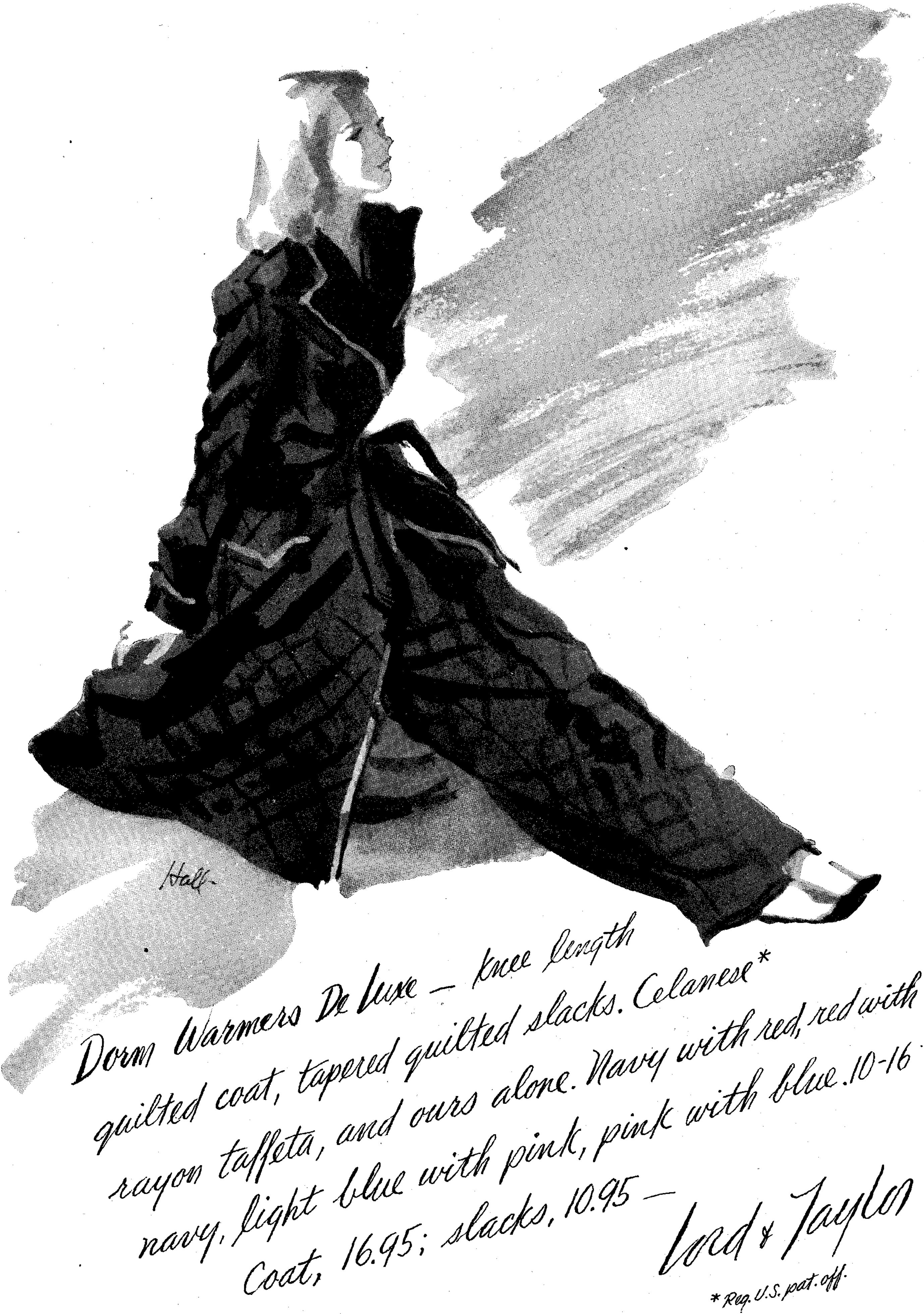

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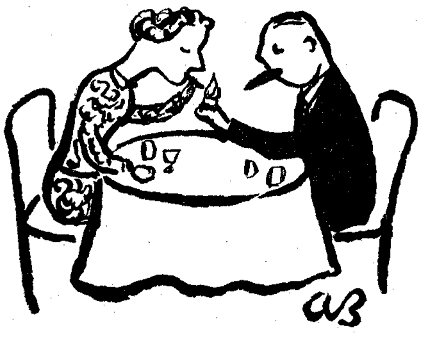
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 30,
THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of matinée schedules because of Labor Day. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . *E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.*)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Sept. 5, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 3, at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. The play has been closed because of the illness of Fredric March and may or may not reopen this week. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Sept. 5, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 3, at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. With Augusta Dabney and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 3, at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 3, at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 3, at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Frances Heflin and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 3, at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Vicki Cummings are the whole cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 3, at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—A summer entertainment based on the Mayerling story. The music is rather agreeable; the book is just a nuisance. With Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Sept. 5, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 3, at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and produced by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 3, at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Sept. 5, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 3, at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Helena Bliss, Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Sept. 5, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 3, at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances devised by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston—A musical comedy by Leonard L. Levinson, with music by Robert Stolz, and a cast headed by George Rigaud, Virginia MacWatters, and Ralph Dumke. Directed and produced by Felix Brentano. Opens Thurs., Sept. 6. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3. Special performances Mon., Sept. 3, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice or less.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays demurely for dancing in this cool and subterranean summerhouse.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), and Bob Grant's orchestra providing sweet but adept dance music.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Reopens on Wed., Sept. 5, with Paula Laurence, a quartet of Katherine Dunham dancers, Edmond Hall's orchestra, and other pleasant trappings.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, plus jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson. On the bandstand, Benny Morton's trustworthy old trombone and his new orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A home away from home for many of our most professional night owls. Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Newly redecorated in the opulent Larue fashion. Music by the bands of Eddie Davis, who will never need redecorating, and Gil Murray.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious sunken living rooms, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play non-stop music.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room will reopen on Tues., Sept. 4, with Myrus, up to his smooth old mind-reading business, and Stanley Melba's orchestra playing pleasantly for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Through Sat., Sept. 1, Jimmy Savo in his own special fantasies. Garwood Van's music for those who must dance. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The way heaven would look in the hands of a good interior decorator. Reasonably celestial dance music by Paul Sparr's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Café Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Eric Correa's orchestra and Desita's rumba band are on hand.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens doing a standard soprano act at the supper hour on the Starlight Roof. George Olsen's orchestra takes care of the dance music all evening, and Mischa Borr's orchestra helps out at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): elegance and jaunty dance music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): strictly for conversationalists, who will be only mildly interrupted by Roger Stearns' genteel piano; no dancing. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy, still talking those songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog; no dancing. . . . **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dick Smart and a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . **copacabana,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-106c): Mitzi Green, stranded in a what-shall-we-do-next

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	64
THE CURRENT CINEMA	34
LETTER FROM LONDON	51
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: ABOUT THE HOUSE	48
THE RACE TRACK	46
A REPORTER AT LARGE	36

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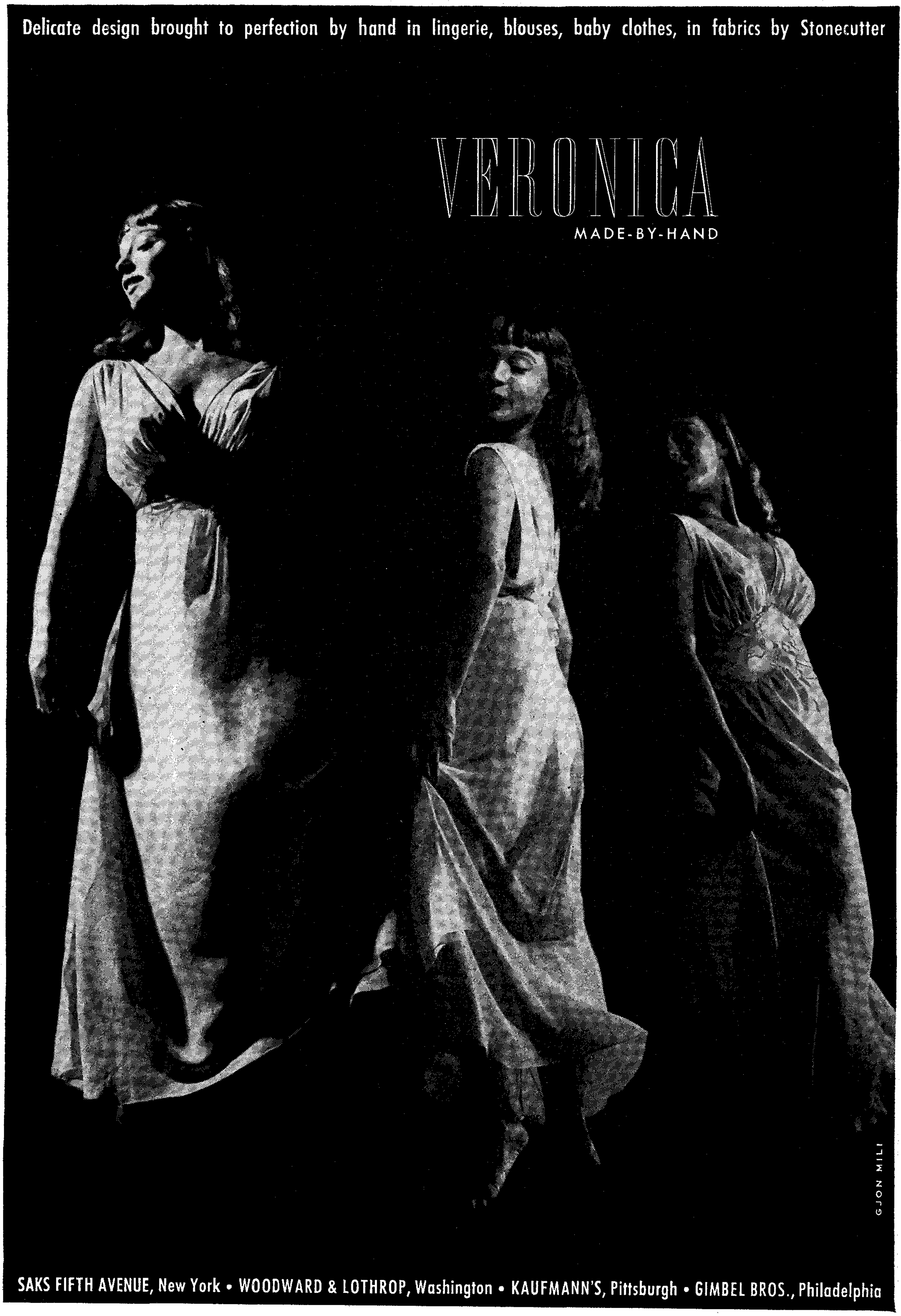

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

summer show. On Thurs., Sept. 6, Joe E. Lewis will drop in to take charge. Upstairs in the Copa Lounge, Phil Moore's quartet is at work. . . . **400 CLUB**, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's band (opening on Thurs., Sept. 6). . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 4 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and its tremendous view of the harbor, has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots making the temperature twenty degrees hotter inside. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): hard to tell from a hole in the ground, but nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio and Don Frye as solo pianist; dancing. (Closed until Fri., Sept. 7.) . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum at the piano, the Loumel Morgan trio and another band for dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's trio, and Hot Lips Page huffing, puffing, and blowing the house down. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

AL FRESCO—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): just for the coolness and the fine view of the Hudson. Dance music by a couple of small orchestras. (Closes Mon., Sept. 3.) . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Pk. W. at 67 (RH 4-4700): a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then.

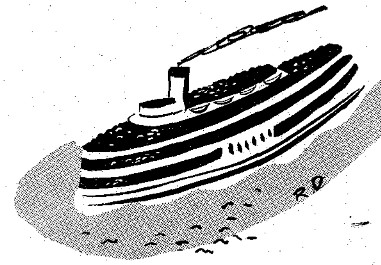
A few sidewalk cafés: **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Labor Day.)

GROUPS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: new paintings by members of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 31. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 1. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 14. . . . **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57: the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fernand Léger, and Byron Browne. Weekdays, except Sept. 1, from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 8. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 14. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Weekdays, except Sept. 1, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **O'CONNOR**, 640 Madison, at 59: a miscellaneous group of European and American artists, including Velásquez, Ghislandi, Rosa Bonheur, and George Luks. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 31. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others. Weekdays, except Sept. 1, from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 24. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Weekdays, except Sept. 1, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 8. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Weekdays, except Sept. 1, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 8.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The development of Greek art, with examples from the museum's Greek collection; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Mon., Sept. 3), paintings and drawings of the war in the Pacific. Weekdays, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.



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MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Labor Day, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 13.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

MUSIC

NAUMBURG MEMORIAL CONCERT—Nicholas Rescigno conducting. Mon., Sept. 3, at 8:15 P.M. (Central Park Mall.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Dodgers, Sat., Sept. 1, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Sept. 2 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Mon., Sept. 3 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Detroit, Tues., Sept. 4, at 2:30 P.M., Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 5 and 6 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Fri. and Sat., Sept. 7-8, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Boston, Mon., Sept. 3 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Sonny Horne vs. Artie Levine, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 31; Ike Williams vs. Nick Moran, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Sept. 7. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

CHESS—A competition by radio between the leading champions of this country and the U.S.S.R. Henry Hudson Hotel, 9 Ave. at 57. Sat. through Tues., Sept. 1-4, from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. (A benefit for Russian Relief; for information about tickets, call WH 3-2460.)

DOG SHOW—Tuxedo Kennel Club, Westchester C.C., Rye, N. Y., Sat., Sept. 8. (A benefit for Dogs for A.A.F. Convalescents.)

RACING—Saratoga meet at Belmont, daily at 1:15 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 1. (Saratoga Steeplechase Handicap, Aug. 31; Hopeful Stakes and Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Sept. 1.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M. . . . Aqueduct, weekdays at 1 P.M., starting Mon., Sept. 3, through Sept. 15. (Bayshore Handicap, Sept. 3; Babylon Handicap, Sept. 5; Aqueduct Handicap, Sept. 6; Discovery Handicap, Sept. 8.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station on Labor Day between 10 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.; on Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.; and on other weekdays between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M.

TENNIS—National Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, through Mon., Sept. 3.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., weekdays at 8:40 P.M., through Sept. 29. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship regattas on the Sound: Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Sun., Sept. 2; Larchmont Y.C., Mon., Sept. 3; at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

HOUSING—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Labor Day, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104—Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

PLANETARIUM—"A Trip to the Moon" is the rather timely title of the current lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and Labor Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MAYOR LAGUARDIA—In the fourth of a series of monthly broadcasts on New York, Thurs., Aug. 30, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ.

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Sept. 2, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting, Sun., Sept. 2, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., Sept. 1 and 8, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . Jascha Heifetz, violin, Mon., Sept. 3, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

SPORTS—Boxing: Sonny Horne vs. Artie Levine, Fri., Aug. 31, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Racing: Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Sat., Sept. 1, at 4:15 P.M., WEAF.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Wed. at 10:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from Europe), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Sat., beginning Mon., Sept. 3, at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ALONG CAME JONES—Gary Cooper in a burlesque Western that is periodically pretty diverting. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

OVER 21—Irene Dunne, Alexander Knox, and Charles Coburn in an adaptation of Ruth Gordon's comedy that seems rather better than it did on the stage. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Sept. 5.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson, are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE WAY AHEAD—Excellent British import about how a group of young British civilians were conditioned for the army. With David Niven. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3: Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 4-6. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 5-7.)

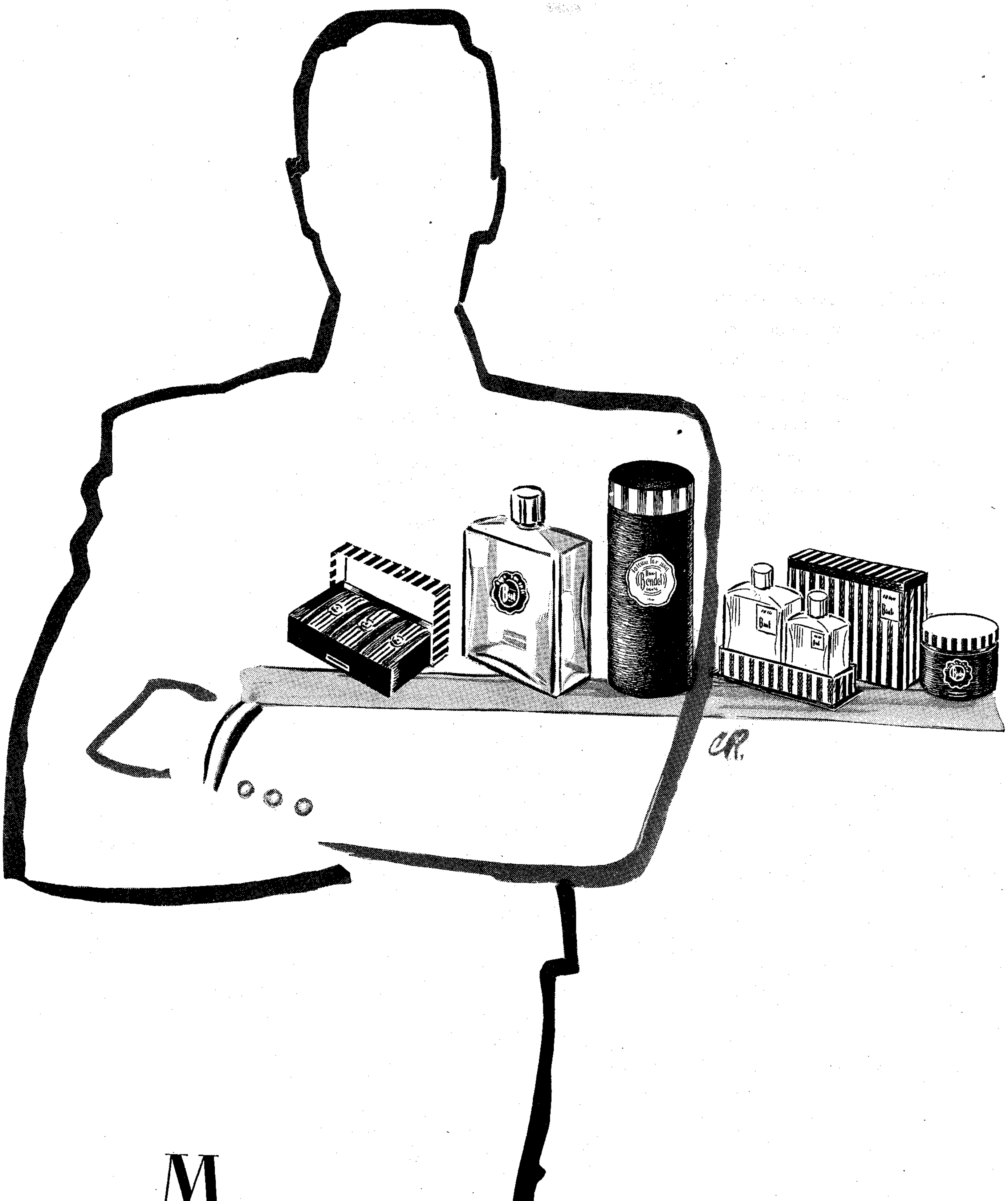
WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye as twins in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, and Allen Jenkins. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 4-5.)

ARROWSMITH (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 2-4.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film.



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ADV. BY N. W. AYER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

With Raimu. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., Sept. 4.)

Dark Waters (1944)—Creepy doings in the Louisiana bayou country. Merle Oberon and Franchot Tone. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Aug. 30.)

Double Indemnity (1944)—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband. Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 31-Sept. 3.)

Easy Living (1937)—Edward Arnold as a millionaire and Jean Arthur as a Cinderella. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Sept. 7.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 1.)

I Married a Witch (1942)—About a man who married a witch. Veronica Lake and Fredric March. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 2-3.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Aug. 30.)

Hold Back the Dawn (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Aug. 30.)

The Housekeeper's Daughter (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 4-5.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Aug. 30. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Thurs., Sept. 3-6.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Fluffy little comedy with Kern music, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 2-3.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Thurs., Sept. 3-6.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Aug. 30.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 4-5.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. With Dolores Costello and Joseph Cotten. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 1.)

The Male Animal (1942)—The Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., Sept. 4.)

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay (1944)—Innocents abroad in the 1920's. Diana Lynn and Gail Russell. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Tues., Aug. 31-Sept. 4.)

Pinocchio (1940)—This Walt Disney full-length cartoon introduces Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish. (Republic, B'way at 51.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. Now called "Ragged Angels." (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 2-4.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 1.)

Top Hat (1935)—Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irving Berlin music. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Aug. 31.)

The Woman Alone (1937)—A London thriller, now called "I Married a Murderer," with Sylvia Sidney. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 4-5.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., Sept. 5.)

The Young in Heart (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Aug. 30.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., AUG. 30: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), with Paul Muni. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., AUG. 31-SEPT. 2: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), with W. C. Fields. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., SEPT. 3-6: "Duck Soup" (1933), with the Marx Brothers. . . . FROM FRI., SEPT. 7: "What! No Beer?" (1933), with Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton.

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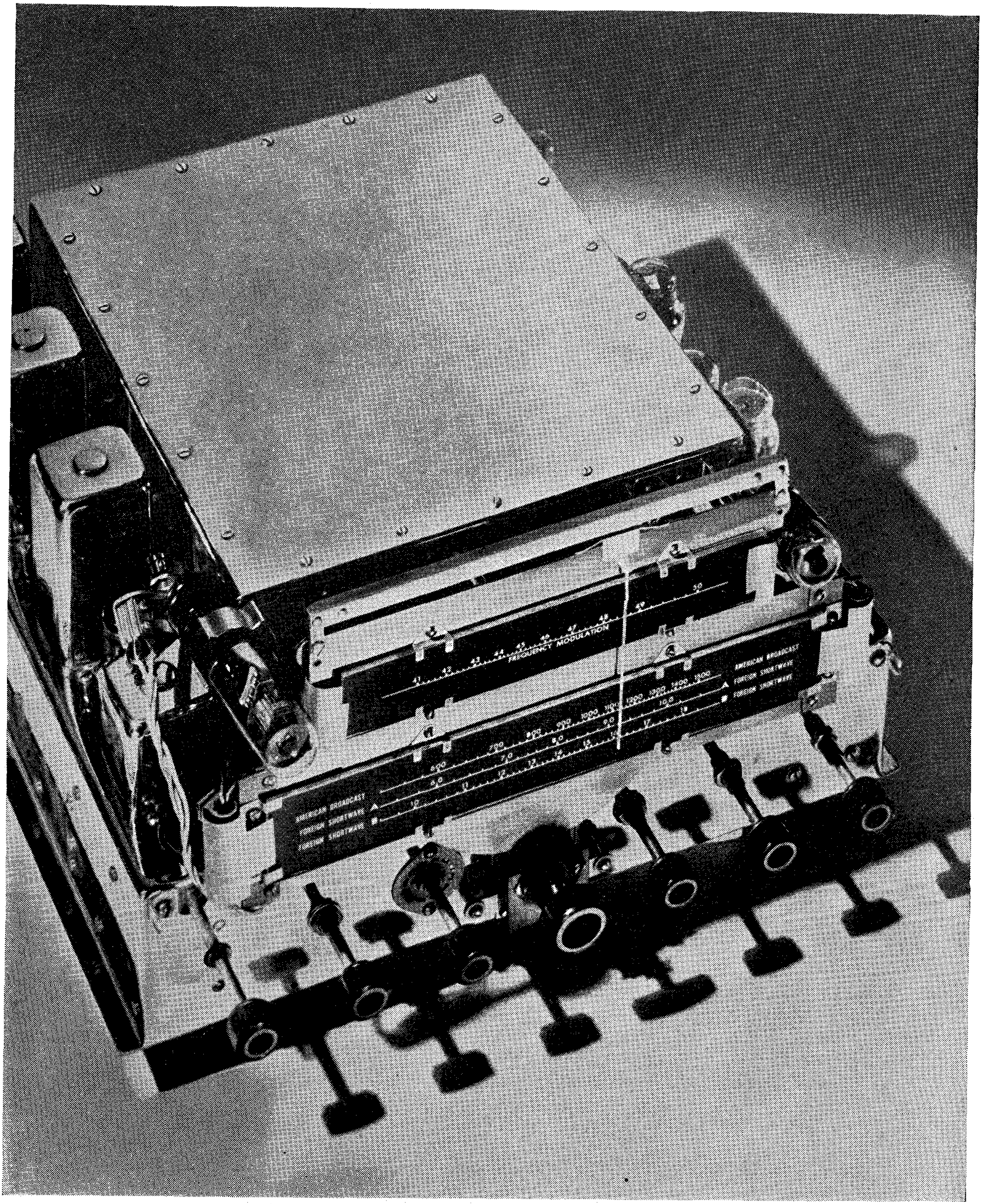
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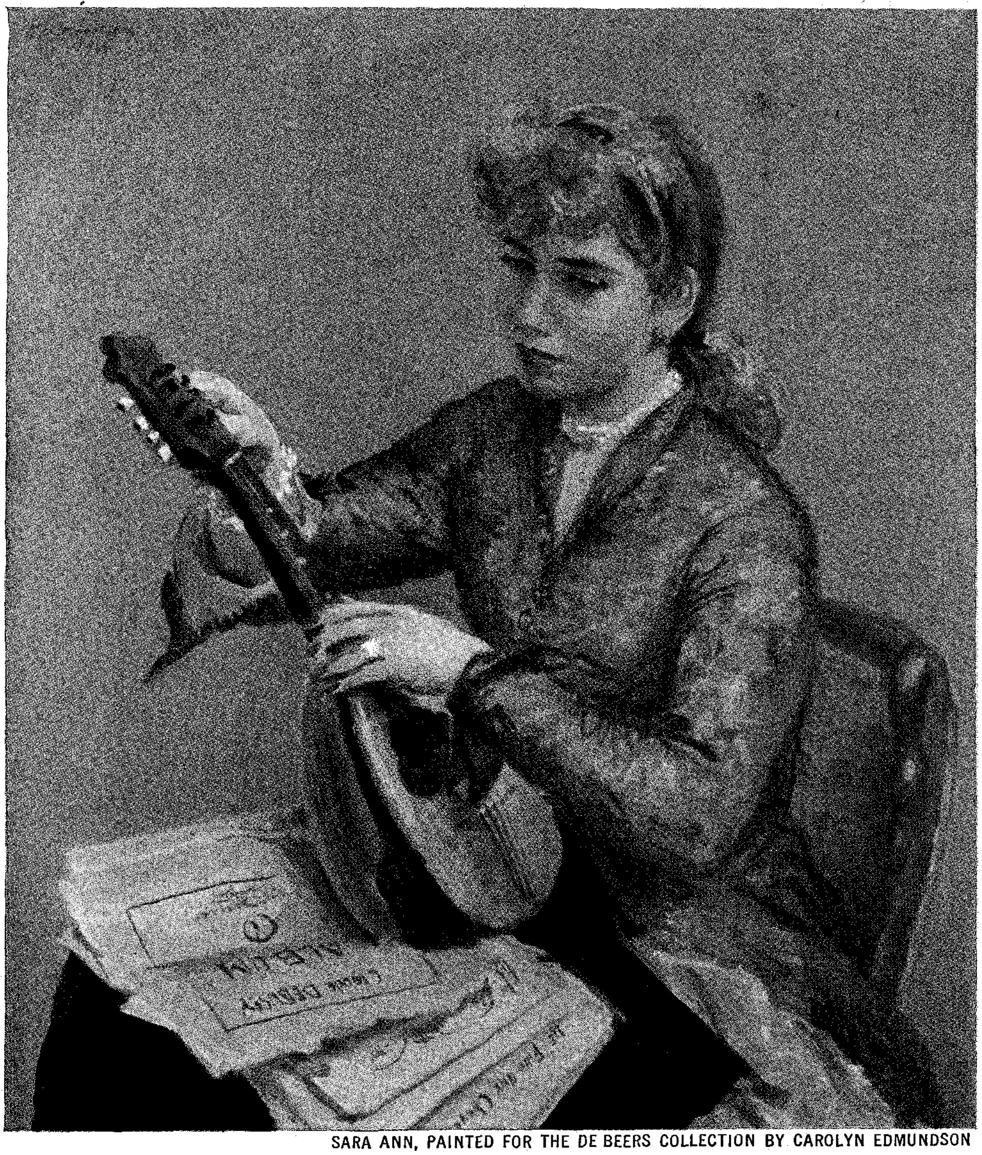

SARA ANN, PAINTED FOR THE DE BEERS COLLECTION BY CAROLYN EDMUNDSON

Bright flame

Through all their wartime parting this shining symbol, their engagement diamond, so close to her, by him so well remembered, inspires an inward courage that disdains all doubt and fear.

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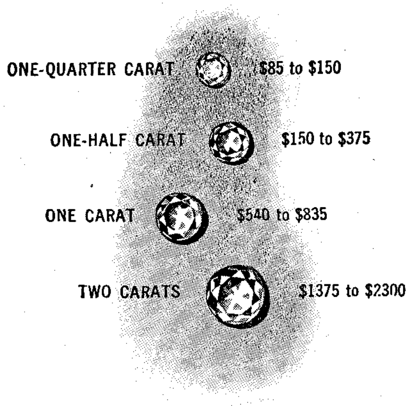
Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds. Add 20% for federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice at all times when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds—a key priority for high-speed war production—come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Thus, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.



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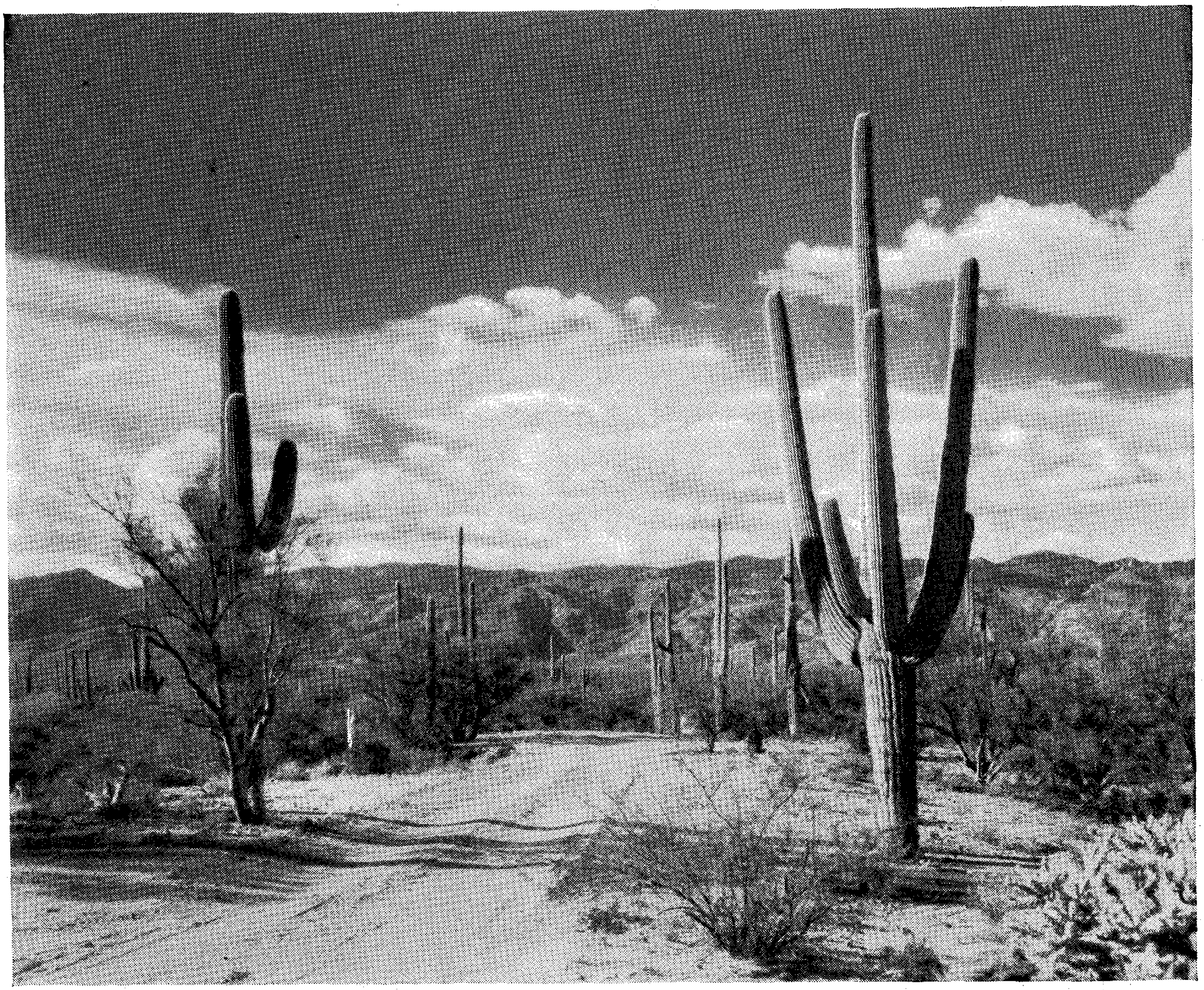

Desert trail near Tucson, Arizona, looking toward the Santa Catalina Mountains.

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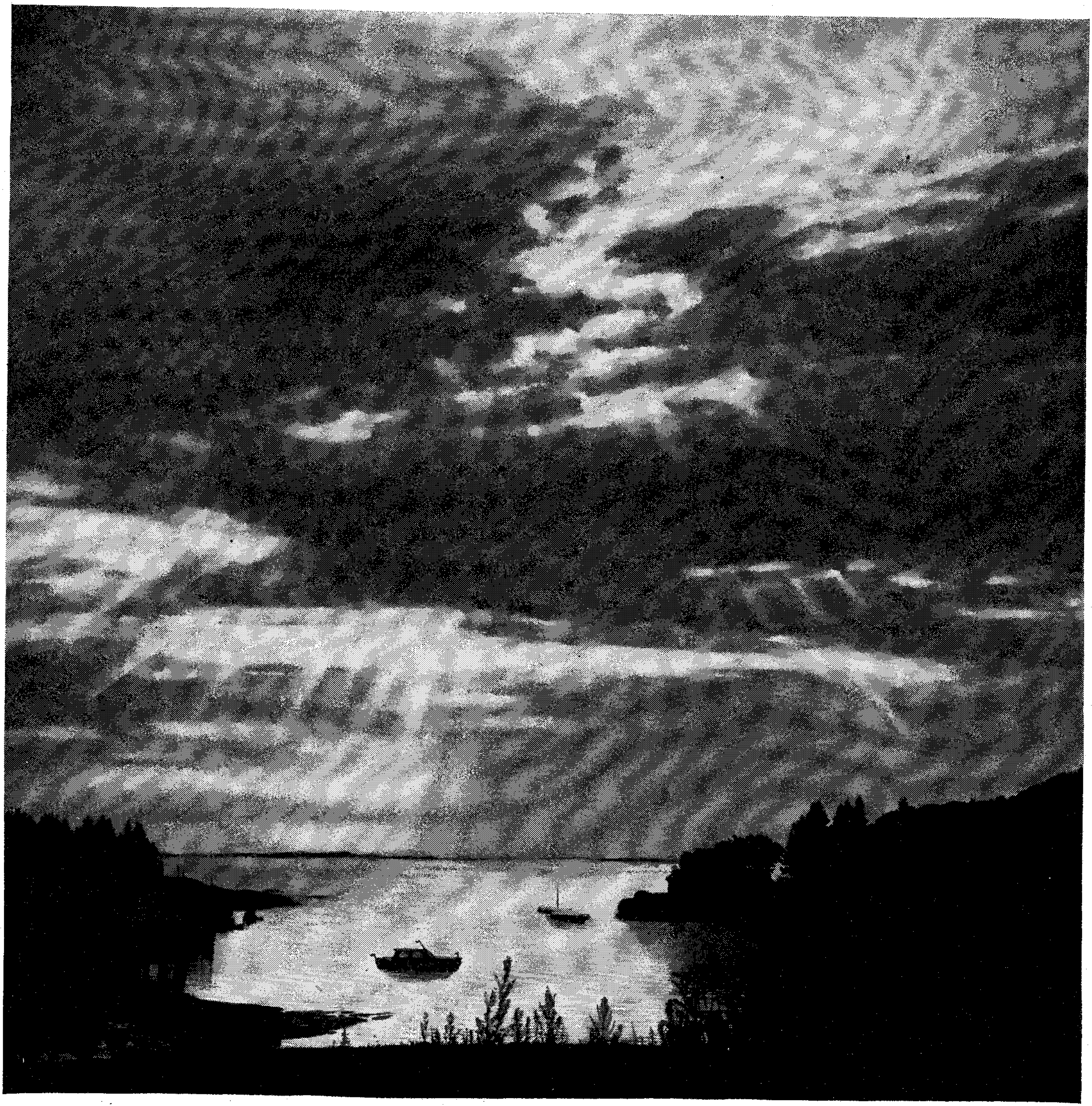
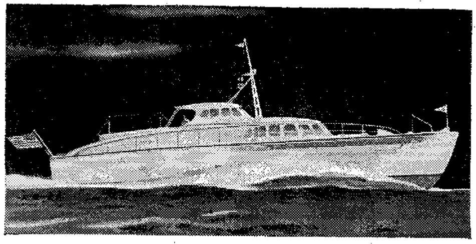


There is a cherished cove



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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT eight of a hot morning, the cicada speaks his first piece. He says of the world: heat. At eleven of the same day, still singing, he has not changed his note but has enlarged his theme. He says of the morning: love. In the sultry middle of the afternoon, when the sadness of love and of heat has shaken him, his symphonic soul goes into the great movement and he says: death. But the thing isn't over. After supper he weaves heat, love, death into a final stanza, subtler and less brassy than the others. He has one last heroic monosyllable at his command. Life, he says, reminiscing. Life.

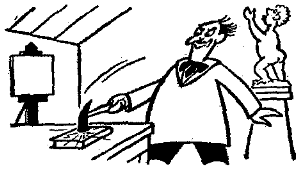
WE got an insight into the nature of fame the other day when the *Times* printed a picture of General Eisenhower standing next to a bust of himself that an Army sculptor had made. The bust was a clearly recognizable likeness, but every feature was subtly wrong, as though the iron fingers of posterity had corrected the clay. The bald dome was a little more massive, the chin squarer, the nose sharper, the cheekbones more prominent, the lips taut and decisive, the lines of worry around the corners of the mouth deeper, the eyes fixed and unsmiling, with their crinkles erased. It was not at all, in fact, the Eisenhower we know from the photographs, winning and boyish, the face of a Midwest Scoutmaster, but an allegorical type made up to resemble Eisenhower the Spartan Hero Impassive in Victory. We are sure that that is the Eisenhower posterity will get, just as we got an allegorical Washington instead of a lively Virginia roisterer with an eye for the ladies. Generations from now, people will stare at the General's bronze features and wonder how we ever dared call him Ike.

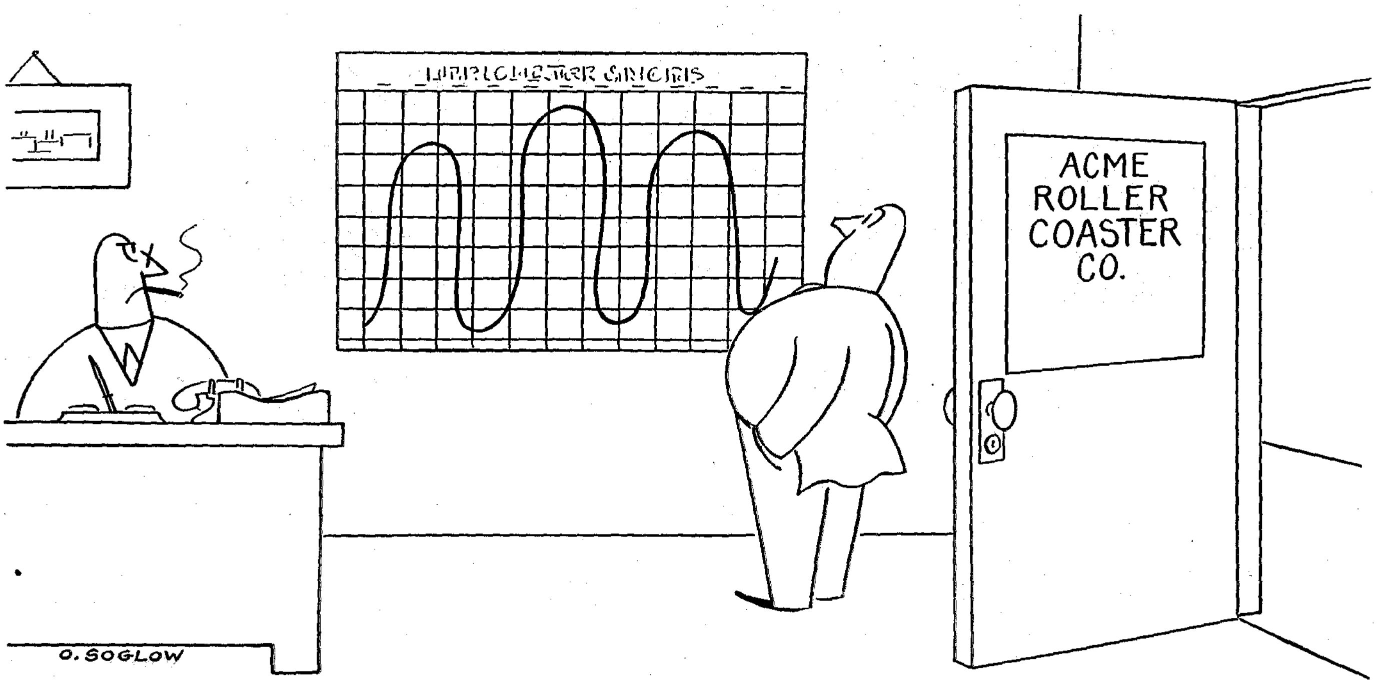
THE comics used to have a safe lead of twenty years over science, but the events of the past few weeks have pressed the comics hard and changed the appearance of the field. Science has swung into the rail position; the tired comics feel the hot whip on their flanks. Even the nomenclature suggests a shift in the race. The latest element to turn up is called plutonium—which is Disney with a touch of mineral water. The word uranium had a mighty sound, a solemn sound, an awful sound. Plutonium is a belly laugh. Plutonium, incidentally, is not known in the stars; the stars are too high-minded. Plutonium is a mouthwash used by Mandrake. Plutonium is just something belonging to the comical race of people who started their first atomic fire under a football stadium.

THE atomic age is scarcely a month old, yet we feel as though we've been swimming in its dark, radioactive waters for centuries. We recall old times with difficulty. One thing we do remember clearly, however: on the night of August 6th, before the atom took complete charge, there was a brief, suspended moment whose unfamiliar sweetness we savored with a satisfaction untroubled by the foreknowledge of doom. For a few hours on that summer night, several million American boys and girls of around sixteen suddenly rose to undreamed-of heights in their own households as they deftly took the conversation away from their fumbling parents and from the radio and, in lucid, painstaking, and charitably simple language, interpreted the atom to their elders. The necessary introductions, which were performed courteously and with hardly any patronizing, could have been made by no more competent authorities. Although it seemed as if it would shortly be followed by the end of the world, the evening was indisputably a triumph.

IT will be found, eventually, that just as impurities in water become radioactive from transmuted uranium, impurities in thought become radioactive from transmuted facts and figures lurking in the pitchblende of the mind. We have long suspected that impurities in thought become radioactive. It is a major problem. Fascism, one of the commonest impurities in human thought, is unquestionably radioactive.

THE International University Press has published a book of drawings by Peter Takal of which there is a special de-luxe edition of thirty-six copies with a cover of shatterproof glass, each cover personally cracked by the author. This might at first glance seem a mere caprice, of the sort associated with creative folk, but it is no caprice. Deep in every man lurks the godlike urge to destroy what he has made. Like most urges, it is capable of sublimation. Far more haunting than any of Mr. Takal's excellent drawings is the picture of the artist himself, caught in the act of symbolic demolition. The impulse to destroy what one has brought forth runs, of course, through all of life—the cat in the cave devouring its young; the artist in his studio smashing the cover of his





latest book. We can't imagine a neater example of the substitution ritual than these thirty-six strokes of token demolition, by which the demon is appeased and the author permitted to emerge with a special edition. Essentially, it is the same problem that confronts the lords of the atomic world—how to destroy yet emerge.

Our Own Baedeker

THE Japs wound up as the most fantastically outnumbered underdogs in history; opposed to something less than seventy-three million of them were 1,888,425,764 belligerents, more than ninety per cent of this planet's population and the owners of ninety-eight per cent of the earth's land surface. Even narrowing it down to active belligerents—China, France, Great Britain, Russia, and the United States—Japan was still fantastically overwhelmed, not only in manpower but otherwise. For instance, her prewar capacity for steel production was fifteen million tons against the Big Five's hundred and twenty-seven million tons; for coal 41,803,000 metric tons against 725,337,000; for petroleum, 7,300 barrels a day against 5,202,400.

The four islands that constitute what is usually called the Japanese mainland are Kyushu, about the size of two New Jerseys, God forbid; Honshu, the heart of the empire, about the size of ten New Jerseys, ditto; Hokkaido, the coal-and-iron-mine island, the size of Indiana; and Shikoku, the size of Massachusetts. Honshu has fourteen hundred harbors, most of them on the Pacific side. Although it is only eight hundred miles in length, as the crow flies, its Pacific coastline is over ten thousand miles—more than the total coastline of the United States.

Tokio is the third largest city in the world. In area it is three square miles bigger than Chicago and its population almost equals London's. Its soil doesn't absorb water, so after a rain it stays wet underfoot for quite a while. The weather in Tokio is pretty good by Occidental standards—no higher than ninety in August, and just below the freezing point in winter. Winter weather consists only of snow flurries, a bit of frost, and some rain, but the Japs make the most of it, bundling up in fur coats and fur-lined boots and huddling over charcoal fires. Then March comes, and everybody goes outdoors and flies a kite. There's a specialized government bureau in Tokio, the Earthquake Institute, which records an average of four tremors a day. Japan has averaged a disastrous quake every eight years, in modern times, but there hasn't been a big one for twenty-two years now, since 1923. Tokio is ninety per cent paper and lath, and the business district is devoted almost exclusively to bad examples of Occidental shop-front architecture. Japan's one skyscraper, fourteen stories and a penthouse, housed the First Mutual Life Insurance Company of Japan when last heard from. Japanese insurance salesmen carry three fountain pens.

A prewar census showed a hundred and twenty-one Christian churches and meeting houses in Tokio, mostly Roman Catholic, Japanese Greek Orthodox, and Japanese Presbyterian. At the last count there were 6,734 licensed prostitutes and 3,938 geisha girls. This will be one article about Japan which doesn't even attempt to explain geisha girls. The Army hospitals are on the distant outskirts of the city and wounded men have not been allowed on the streets. Incidentally, in conscripting soldiers, the Japanese Army recognizes only two classifications—fit and absolutely fit. Four hundred and eleven rats are killed each day in Tokio, on an average, but the rat population remains stable at around seven million. It's good luck to see a rat in a restaurant there. Tokio also has 1,776 pawnbrokers.

The people of Tokio have adapted themselves only spottily to Western ways; before the war there was a glut of taxicabs and plenty of electric light, for example, but almost no plumbing. There were two hundred and thirty-eight daily newspapers, three of which had a circulation of over a million. More than three-quarters of the population have radios. The people of Tokio are, or were, as quiet as ants on the street. Their idea of fun is to travel sixty miles to Fujiyama, climb the slope, drink sake, and gaze at the moon. In the Tokio hotels patronized by Japanese, the guest has to bring his own soap and towels, but the management supplies slippers and a toothbrush. Liquor is sold in the city only between 5 and 10 P.M. The great movie favorite among the worldly Tokio set is Popeye the Sailor Man. Tokio has an institution vaguely equivalent to our Music

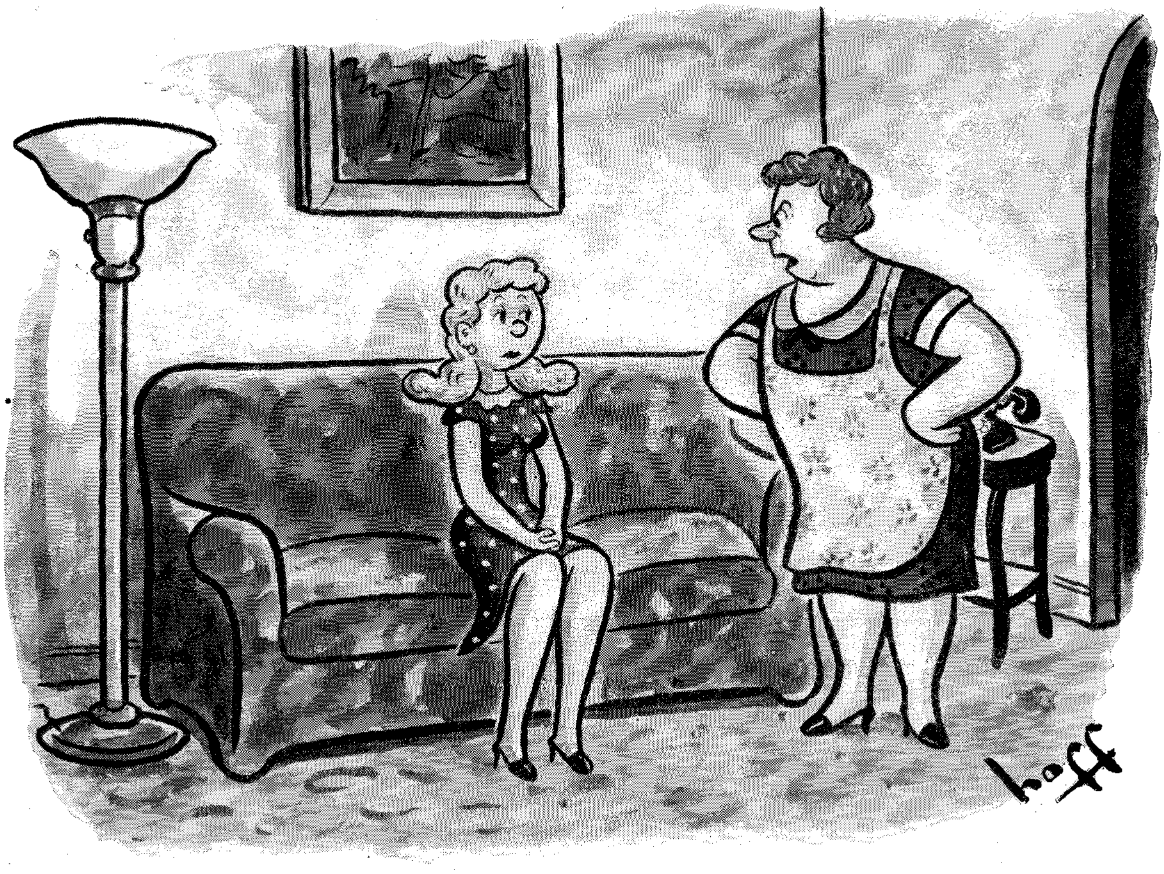
Hall Rockettes; the girls live in dormitories and are not allowed to go out on dates.

Lafcadio Hearn, who went Japanese to the extent of marrying a Japanese wife, wearing a kimono, and looking at a single flower for a long time, remarked as follows about learning the Japanese language: “Could you learn all the words in a Japanese dictionary, you could not make yourself understood in speaking unless you learned to think like a Japanese—that is to say, to think backwards, to think upside-down and inside-out.” Family life is intense. All females rank below the males, and a younger brother is absolutely bound by the word of the older. All sorts of complicated things happen, such as a man going to jail because his brother passed a red light while riding a bicycle. The Japanese have caught on surprisingly well to such American ways as monopolies and combinations in restraint of trade. The right to work flourishes in Japan to the extent that any man, woman, or child can do piecework at home. Beer has been brewed in Japan for seventy-some years; they were making their own Scotch by the time of Pearl Harbor.

When Japanese workers decide to strike, they make known their irritation by tearing down the manager's house. The postman in Japan not only delivers mail but collects taxes, distributes advertising dodgers, pays out government pensions, and sells stamps. This, combined with a delivery schedule of twelve rounds a day (at least in Tokio), frequently results in the postman's tossing the letters into a sewer and saying the hell with them. Japanese taxes never come down after a war. The army of occupation will find its alternative to field rations interesting, at least: eels roasted in sugar, rice with pickled seaweed, grilled ape, stewed octopus, wild boar, and so on. Conversation at mealtime is considered bad form. A diner is supposed to concentrate on the images called up by the poetic names given each course, such as “The snow softly covers the pale bamboo,” which means bean-and-seaweed hash. When you eat it you're supposed to think of snow falling on bamboo. Most Japs are dyspeptic. The standard lunch for travellers is a box of cold rice and seaweed, breezily advertised (before the war, at any rate) as an American sandwich. A high percentage of all the currency circulating in Japan is counterfeit, and the faking of objets d'art is considered a desirable career. In one year during the twenties, ninety per cent of all the art objects sold in Osaka turned out to be fakes. Kobe is the center of the postage-stamp-counterfeiting industry. There are more than thirty thousand teachers of flower arrangement in Tokio. The Japs give their friends a flowerpot with three little trees in it on New Year's Day. The best way to get around in Tokio is to walk, and the modern Japanese word for walk is “texi,” which means not to take a taxi. The favorite fish of the Japs is carp, which they catch by using bits of sweet potato for bait. One of the liveliest national festivals comes on December 22nd, when everybody takes a bath in hot water containing sour oranges. On December 31st, everybody eats noodles. The average Japanese man stands five feet three and a half, the average Japanese woman four feet ten and a half. There is a ginger market in Tokio in which all the tradesmen are one-eyed, or pretend to be. There are five hundred millionaires in Japan. The hep-cat younger set refer to themselves, in something approaching English, as “modern girl” and “modern boy,” only it comes out “*moga*” and “*mobo*.” “High-hat” also is used, in the sense of “ritzy” or “snazzy.” It is rendered as “*haikara*.” Strictly speaking, this is an attempt to say “high collar;” somebody got confused. No respectable Japanese woman ever has her picture taken. The Japanese recognize nine hundred and fifty-three titles of nobility (the British recognize twelve) and are continually plagued by moths. Shakespeare, Bernard Shaw, Washington Irving, and Yeats are favorite English-language authors. The commonest Japanese surname, the equivalent of our Smith, is Suzuki. All railroad employees, including engineers, wear white gloves.

Interruption

WHEN that B-25 struck the Empire State Building a few weeks ago, a machine for recording dictation in the office of the American Society of Civil Engineers, on the fifteenth floor of the building at 33 West Thirty-ninth



“Well, here's the postwar world, and where are you?”

Street, happened to pick up both the sound of the plane's approach and the subsequent crash. We visited the offices of the Society one day recently to hear the recording and were taken in hand by Colonel W. N. Carey, secretary of the Society. He led us into a room where his assistant, a Mr. Jagger, had been dictating some letters on the morning of the crash. Mr. Jagger was not there the day we called. Through the office window we could see that the large hole in the north wall of the Empire State Building was latticed with scaffolding. "I was in Washington when this happened," the Colonel said. "Been there three and a half years. Jagger was sitting here at the desk dictating into a Sound Scriber when his dictation was drowned out by the sound of a plane flying very low."

The sound recorder, which looks very much like a portable radio, was on Jagger's desk. The Colonel patted it and said that the user dictates into a microphone and that his voice is recorded on a thin disc of plastic, each side of which holds fifteen minutes of dictation. "Wonderful machine," he said. "You know they're good when they pick up something like this." Colonel Carey told us that as the plane roared over Thirty-ninth Street, Jagger stopped dictating. He had used up one side of a disc and was reaching the end of the other side. When he heard the crash, he turned off the machine and walked to the window to see what had happened. All he could make out was smoke, flame, and fog. Apparently a calm fellow, he returned to his Sound Scriber with the idea of going ahead with his dictating. He ran the record over to pick up where he had left off and it was then he realized that the machine had recorded the sound of the plane's engines and the crash.

It took Jagger two days of steady telephoning to get through to the Army Board of Inquiry. "He didn't know any Army people," Colonel Carey said, "and I wasn't around to help. Finally he managed to get the engineering officer on the Board to listen to him. In no time at all six members of the Board came rushing up here to listen to the record. They said it answered once and for all the question of whether there was any engine trouble. The engines were humming along as nice as could be. Jagger gave the Army the record for their files, but he ran off a copy on my machine first. That's the one I'll play for you now."

Carey put a record on the Sound Scriber and started it. "I don't know quite where the plane comes in," he said, "and this record is getting a bit scratched. But the original was a doozer—you could hear everything." The record started playing. ". . . any encouragement you can give," we heard Jagger's voice saying, and Carey explained that this was a letter of introduction to be carried by a member of the Society. Then Jagger started on another letter: "Letter to Dean Crawford, University of Michigan. Dear Dean Crawford: I have just discovered . . ." Faintly, as though from a long way off, we caught the first beat of a plane's engines. "Here she comes," said Colonel Carey. The drone of the engines grew louder, and we heard, or thought we heard, the sound of their exhausts. "Look out!" Carey said sharply. We heard a crash, and then the machine was silent. "I wonder what it was that Jagger had just discovered," Carey said. "I'll have to remember to ask him that the next time I see him."

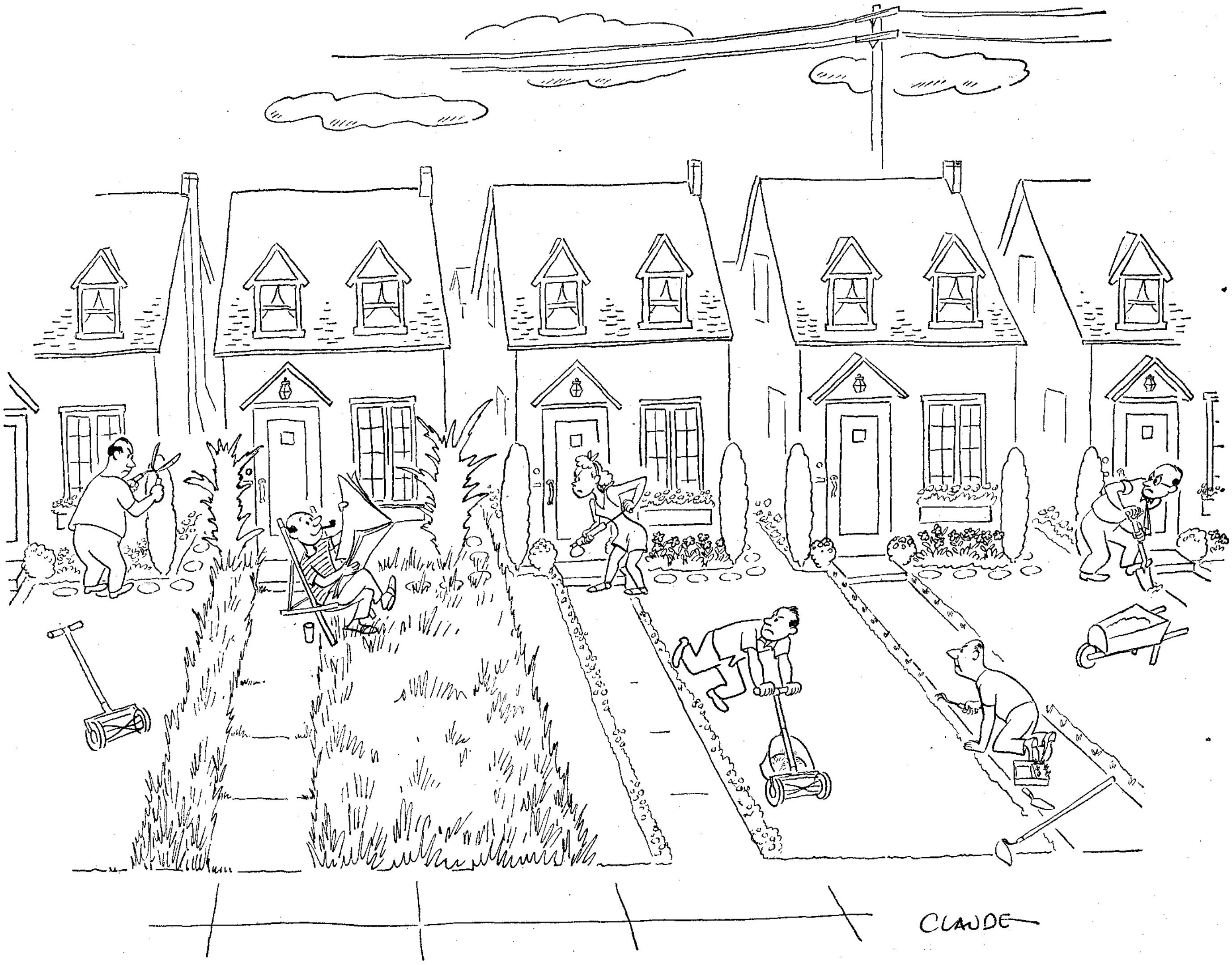
Collars and Cuffs

ONE of our younger assistants, who was going through Kansas City last week, stopped off to get a few facts about President Truman's haberdashery days. Among the people he spoke to was Edward Jacobson, formerly of Truman & Jacobson, Shirts, Collars, Hosiery, Gloves, Belts, and Hats. Back in 1917, Truman and Jacobson operated an Army canteen at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for six months, at a profit to the military of fifteen thousand dollars. Jacobson was the sergeant in charge and Captain Truman, being the exchange officer, was his boss. The canteen was the only one in their division that showed a profit. There were fourteen others and they all were shut down, Mr. Jacobson recalls, because of inefficiency. Then and there the two men decided to be business partners after the war.

On being discharged from the Army, early in 1919, Truman and Jacobson headed for Kansas City. They opened up that fall. "I'd sold shirts for eleven years before the war and knew all about the business," Jacobson told our man, "and Harry liked that type work. That is, he liked clothes. He was a very fastidious dresser. Always wore a high collar. It was the silk-shirt era, but he never wore silk shirts. He wore plain white broadcloth. Our haberdashery was on Twelfth Street, and Twelfth Street was in its heyday then. It was the fastest place in America. Gambling houses right around the corner from the store. Four hotels and a lot of night clubs, all full of a sporting crowd. We had an exclusive clientele."

The store was long and narrow. The hat department was in the rear and neckties were displayed on a rail running the length of the premises. A showcase up front held a large silver loving cup given Truman by the boys of Battery D, which he had commanded overseas. "Our store was the headquarters for all the Battery D boys in town," Mr. Jacobson said. "They'd come in to borrow money, which they always paid back. We never lost a dime on the boys. They also came in to ask advice. They'd ask Harry everything. Harry caught on to the business pretty quick. He knew all the answers in a few days. He'd tell people who asked if shirts were washable that all shirts were washable; if they asked did the ties wrinkle he'd say all ties have to wrinkle a bit. I did most of the buying and he kept the books. He kept the books fine. That's because he was always so methodical in everything. We both sold. Some pretty rough characters used to come into the store, and Harry didn't care to wait on them. He was too much of a gentleman. He couldn't talk their language. He'd get a clerk to wait on them. But he took all the others. He liked to sell."

Everything was going well with the enterprise until the police chief cleaned the sporting element out of Twelfth Street. This reform wave was just before the minor depression of 1921. The partners were hit hard. They decided to sell out and turn the proceeds over to their creditors. "We didn't want bankruptcy," Mr. Jacobson said. "We wanted to pay what we owed. It took a long time to do it, but we finally got the last dollar off our books. After the store closed, I went back to being a shirt salesman and Harry got right into politics—ran for county judge, and won. Funny thing, Harry never talked much about politics." Mr. Jacobson showed our man a letter he had received from Mr. Truman, then the Vice-President, in February, 1945, on the occasion of Jacobson's opening a new haberdashery store in Kansas City. "Dear Eddie," it reads, "I am not only surprised, but I am pleased to death that you are back in the game again, and I know you are going to have a lot of fun at it. Don't let them catch you on an inflation squeeze as they did us before. Be sure and come in on your way East. Sincerely yours, Harry."



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The store windows of Truman & Jacobson were trimmed every week by a man named Gus Bowman, who is still in Kansas City and whom our representative also looked up. "Eddie and Harry left the trim completely to me," Mr. Bowman said. "Every Tuesday, around eight-thirty or nine at night, I'd come in and put the new merchandise in the window. Those days they could get new merchandise every week. Harry was never the kind to stand over you. He'd just ask, 'Gus, what's doing around town?' That was his way of asking what the other stores were playing up. He was always on his toes to find that out. I did the windows in about a hundred and fifty stores and I'd be able to tell him. He sure was a smart fellow. Many times I watched him sell a twenty-dollar silk shirt. He didn't push it onto a customer or anything like that—just made a man feel that if *he'd* been buying a shirt, that was the kind of shirt he would buy."

Mr. Bowman saw a good deal of Mr. Truman at the Triangle Club in Kansas City and at Chamber of Commerce meetings. "He always talked about business," Mr. Bowman said. "He didn't talk politics, never acted like a politician, and I don't think he is one yet. Sometimes the fellows and I would go out to Eddie's or Harry's and play poker. Harry was a pretty fair poker player, but he played penny ante most of the time. The most I ever saw him win was a dollar."

Back in New York, our man looked up Robert Palmer, now president of Cluett, Peabody & Company, who, it happens, was the branch manager for his firm in Kansas City in 1919. "I had eight salesmen," he said, "but I looked after the downtown section myself. As soon as Truman and Jacobson opened their store, I was right on their trail. They were as anxious to buy as I was to sell. Collars was the big business in those days. First thing they bought was collars. They carried anywhere from thirty to forty styles—round corners, square corners, pointed corners, widespread, close-fitting, and all degrees of high and low—collars like Glasgow, Winona, Motley, Lexicon, Ironton, Ashbourne 1, Ashbourne 2, Lusitania, Fifth Avenue, and Banker, and cuffs like Kingston, Lakota—" Our friend broke in to ask whether Mr. Truman had kept all those collars and cuffs straight in his mind. "Of course," Mr. Palmer said. "He's a clear thinker. There's nothing unusual about him but that. That's what's good about him. I know. I've been a Republican all my life. Late in 1941, when he was a senator, I went to see him. I wouldn't try to see him now, but when he was a senator I was just as important as he was. He came out of his office and I said, 'Remember me? Glasgow, Winona, Motley, Lexicon . . . ,' and he said, 'Why, hello, Bob, how's business?' "

Document

WE have belatedly heard of a five-year-old lad, evidently with a highly developed sense of history, who, on being tucked into bed by his sister the night the war ended, asked permission to send a note to his mother downstairs. Here, in its entirety, is what he dictated: "This is the best year. The war is over. Two wars are over. Everyone is happy. Tin cans are rolling. Everything is confused. And little pieces of paper."

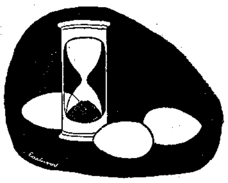
PRO AND CON

CHARLIE had meant to mull things over on the train up home. Passing through Poughkeepsie, he took out a piece of paper and drew a line down the middle. He had meant to write out all the arguments, pro and con. He had the pencil in his hand, but all he did was think about how the people would be at Boulton, what Mr. Van Kleeck would say, what the old cottage looked like.

With the war over and all, Charlie might have put in for an immediate discharge, especially since he'd been a prisoner of war. But he didn't know whether he wanted one or not. There were any number of things to consider. He had no family responsibilities. A first lieutenant's salary, plus flight pay, looked pretty good. Somewhere in the neighborhood of four thousand a year. In civilian life, you'd have to go some to make that. You'd be a lot safer, of course. Engines could quit on you just as easily in peacetime. And how much, for instance, was a leg worth? You had to figure on all that.

Charlie had two more weeks to decide in. Then his leave would be up and he'd have to put down whether he wanted a regular commission or what. Roy Huddleston now, his old squadron commander, had not hesitated a minute. Roy wanted to fly jets. Right at this moment he was on his way to the Coast with orders to report for transition training. With twenty-two destroyed and four probables, Roy would be a cinch for the regular Air Force. Charlie wished there was something he wanted as badly as Roy wanted to fly jets. But all he could do, here on the train, was think about Boulton.

Boulton was where Charlie had spent the first eighteen years of his life. A lot of men in Stalag Luft 3 had raised eyebrows when Charlie told them that twelve thousand acres of the best Dutchess County land belonged to Mr. Van Kleeck, but that was because everyone told lies in the Army. Well, they could look it up. Twelve thousand acres it was, whether they believed it or not.



It made the President's place at Hyde Park look like pretty small potatoes, Charlie used to say. The Big House, where Mr. Van Kleeck himself lived, had twenty-three bathrooms, and at least one of the bathtubs was the size of a young swimming pool. There were two real swimming pools, one indoors and one out. You could swim in the lake, though, if you wanted to. The lake also belonged to Mr. Van Kleeck and they had on it everything from canoes and sailboats to a specially built motor launch. It would probably fill a book just to list the things on the estate, the tennis courts and ski runs, the glasshouses, orchards, stables, hunting lodge, anything you wanted. In the old days, when Mrs. Van Kleeck was still living, there'd be as many as a hundred guests on some weekends. Now it was different. A lot of the place was hardly kept up. Mr. Van Kleeck was nearly blind and over eighty. Even his son, Mr. Eugene, was over fifty and the only thing that interested *him* was birds. He had bookcases filled with nothing but books about birds and he spent most of the day walking in the woods to see what the birds were up to. And the grandson, Mr. Joe, he had no interest in keeping up the place, either. All he cared about was ballet dancers, male ones. He once even tried to convert the east barn into a summer theatre, but Mr. Van Kleeck put a stop to that. Mr. Joe was anyway six foot four and as healthy a specimen as you'd find in the Army, but he'd been turned down cold at the induction center.

Charlie's father had been in charge of the orchard, the herb garden, and the grounds of the Big House. There had been a vague understanding that complete management of the grounds was going to be turned over to Charlie in time. Mr. Van Kleeck was going to send him through agricultural school and then Charlie was going to come back and take over. It looked like a good deal. The cottage was a nice place to live in. Charlie's mother had fixed it up, so there were a lot of weekend people who'd stand around and say it was the prettiest house on the place. But then she had died and the cottage was never the same again. And with Charlie's being drafted and his father's dying, too, all within a month, everything got loused up. After four years of the Army, a man didn't feel like returning to school. Way back in preflight training, Charlie had sworn he'd never sit in another classroom if he could help it.

There'd been talk that Charlie's father had figured in Mr. Van Kleeck's will, but nothing specific to go by. That was one of the things Charlie meant to look into. He didn't know just how. You couldn't up and ask Mr. Van Kleeck. Mr. Eugene wouldn't have any idea, and Mr. Joe was hardly ever around. Miss Jennie, the housekeeper, might have heard something, but she'd keep it to herself. She had never had much use for Charlie's father.

Now, on the train to Boulton, Charlie sat in a parlor-car chair, looking at a piece of paper. There was nothing on it except a line down the middle. At the top he wrote "Reasons for staying in the Army—Pro and Con." He remembered that before this the only way he had travelled between Boulton and New York was by coach and he felt pretty good about sitting in a parlor car. It was funny how the other people in the chairs were either middle-aged or old. In coaches, people were younger and many of them were in uniform. In this car, Charlie was the only service man, and all the gaffers took at least one look at his ribbons. Most of these monkeys probably couldn't tell the difference between a theatre ribbon and the Silver Star. But six ribbons were something, all the same, and it made Charlie feel good to have people look at them. Among yourselves, you made fun of the ribbons, but here in the sticks it was different. Even in New York they meant something.

AT the Boulton station, for a moment Charlie felt as if he'd never been away. He felt that the cart of the express company had not been moved an inch from its usual position at the head of the platform. There was the same face under the same green visor at the window and the same summer people waiting in the cars and the same Buick station wagon with "Van Kleeck" lettered on its door. Everything was the same—the houses, the lawns, the trees, the road, everything.

A gray-haired man and a boy got out of the station wagon. "I'm Harry Clayton," the man said, "and this is my son they call Young Harry." Clayton was the gardener now and lived in the cottage. "We fixed up your old room just about the way you had it," he said. "The boy's been using it."

"I wouldn't like anybody to put themselves out," said Charlie.

"This is the Silver Star," Young Harry said, "and this is the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with clusters, the Good Conduct, the European Theatre, and the pre-Pearl Harbor. I got a collection of insignia. I'm the only one that's got the shoulder patch of the Yankee Division from the

EDITOR
WM HENRY
R. J. D.

"There's one thing about it—it proves people read the paper."

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other war. My father was corporal and my Uncle Earl was a pfc. Bill Kraber over in town is a tech sergeant and he's got the Bronze Star."

"Is Bill Kraber back?" said Charlie. "I used to go to school with him."

"He told us," Young Harry said. "He said he wouldn't salute you and see what you said."

"Why, I'll have him busted down so fast it'll make his head spin."

"Will you?"

"He's only kidding," Clayton said to the boy.

"Bill Kraber escaped from *his* prison camp," Young Harry said. "He said you had to wait for the infantry to get you out."

"I guess that's right," said Charlie.

"How many credits you got?"

"Three in the air and one on the ground."

"Major Bong had forty," Young Harry said. "But the Japs weren't so tough."

"You talk too much," said Clayton.

THE cottage was all different inside, but the Claytons were good people, you could see that. Mrs. Clayton served a big lunch, most of it right out of the garden. She was quick and talkative where Charlie's mother had been slow and quiet. While they were eating dessert, she hung up all of Charlie's uniforms. And after lunch, Charlie gave the boy a pair of his old second lieutenant's bars. Then he went to call on Mr. Van Kleeck. Miss Jennie took him in.

Mr. Van Kleeck looked the way he had always looked to Charlie; long and old and held together by wires. Charlie had to come within a yard of him because Mr. Van Kleeck liked to see people's faces.

"We're very proud of you," he said. "You've done us honor."

Charlie stood at a kind of parade rest

until Mr. Van Kleeck asked him to sit down. It was the first time he had ever sat down in the Big House.

"Were they hard on you at the prison camp?"

"Not so hard, sir," Charlie said. "The men had it a lot more rugged at some other places."

"I hear von Mackensen is still hale and hearty."

Whoever that is, Charlie thought. He said nothing. You couldn't tell when Mr. Van Kleeck was looking at you through those glasses. The fireplace was big enough to roast an ox in.

"Things have changed here a little," Mr. Van Kleeck said. "Clayton's not the man your father was. The orchard has had some setbacks and you can see the grounds for yourself. The herb garden has held its own, held its own. I put in more samphire and basil this year and there is some Good-King-Henry coming up. You might take a look."

"I'd like to."

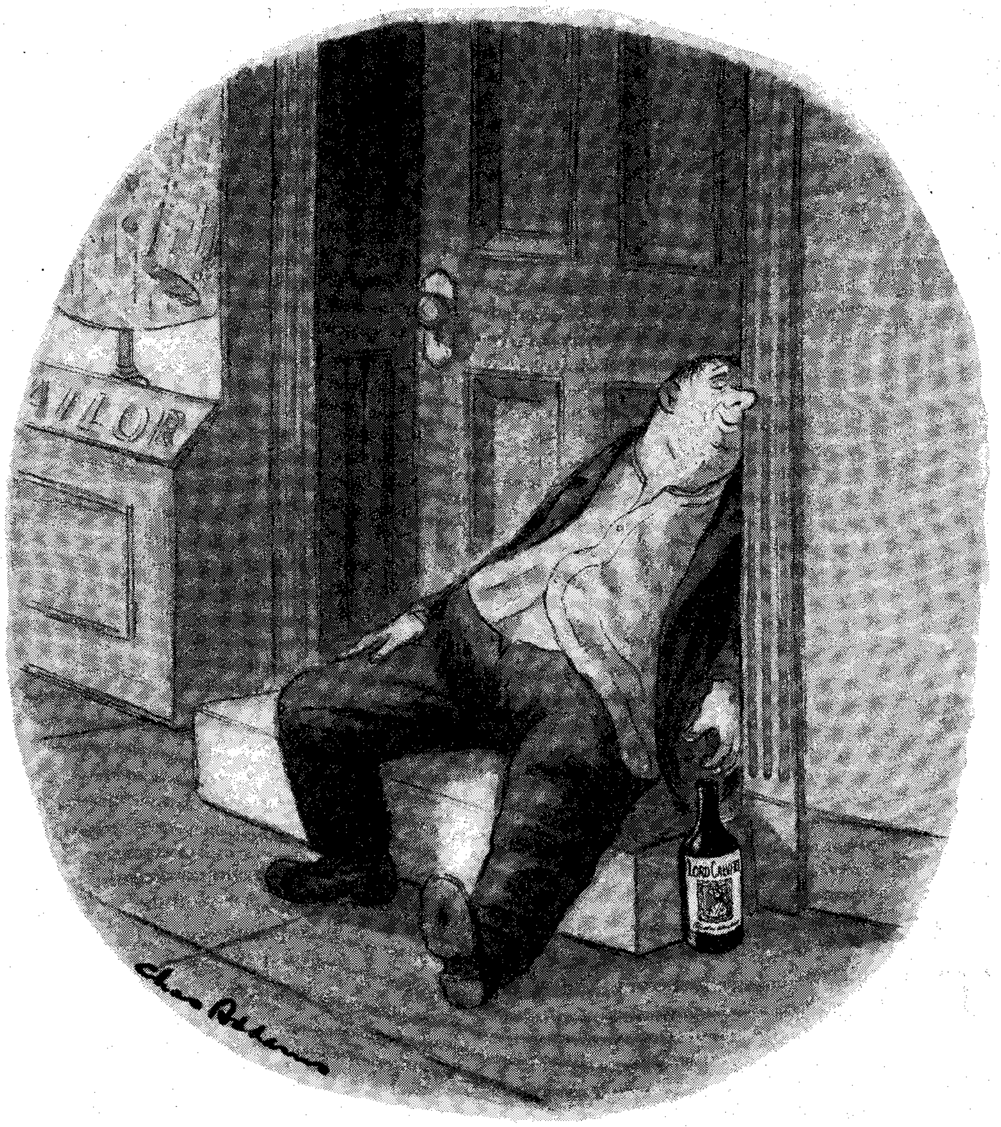
Mr. Van Kleeck clasped his long brown hands. "There will always be a place for you here," he said.

"Thank you, sir."

"Mr. Eugene will be told that. Always a place."

Mr. Van Kleeck asked some questions about airplanes. He seemed to think that Charlie had flown a B-17 and Charlie explained the difference between fighters and bombers. Nothing was said about the will or what Charlie's salary would be. You never talked about things like that with Mr. Van Kleeck. You were expected to take it for granted that everything would be satisfactory, and in the old days everything was. Money came up now only when Mr. Van Kleeck asked how much a P-47 cost. Charlie had been shot down in one. He guessed it cost about seventy thousand dollars.

Miss Jennie came in, perhaps to indicate that the talk had lasted long enough. There was no change in Mr. Van Kleeck's expression, and he said nothing when Charlie stood up. And all Miss Jennie said on the way out was "You look more like your father every year." She was certainly not the one to ask about money.



IN the afternoon, Charlie looked up Mr. Eugene, who lived a mile from the Big House. Mr. Eugene's place was much smaller. All he needed was room for his stuffed birds and cameras. Mrs. Eugene, whom very few people remembered, had come and died all within a year, just long enough to produce Mr. Joe. The only people who lived with Mr. Eugene now were the help and Metcalf, his taxidermist.

Mr. Eugene had grown older. He was tall, like all the Van Kleecks, and thin, too, like his father. He used to give Charlie a quarter for locating nests. He was working on a nest now, getting it ready for Metcalf.

"I will show you some drawings by Leonardo da Vinci," he said. "You'll be interested in his plans for flying machines and the aerodynamic principles he derived from ornithological studies. In return, I will ask you to tell me a little about the sensations of flying. My doctor has refused to let me go up."

"It's hard to describe," Charlie said.

"Do you like it?"

"I like it once I'm up there. Getting into the cockpit, I sometimes wonder whether the thing will fly, but once I'm off I feel all loosened up and rarin' to go."

"Sense of exhilaration?"

"You could call it that. In combat, it's more like you're driving into a traffic circle with cars coming at you from every direction. You don't think about anything except your guns and what the other guy is going to do."

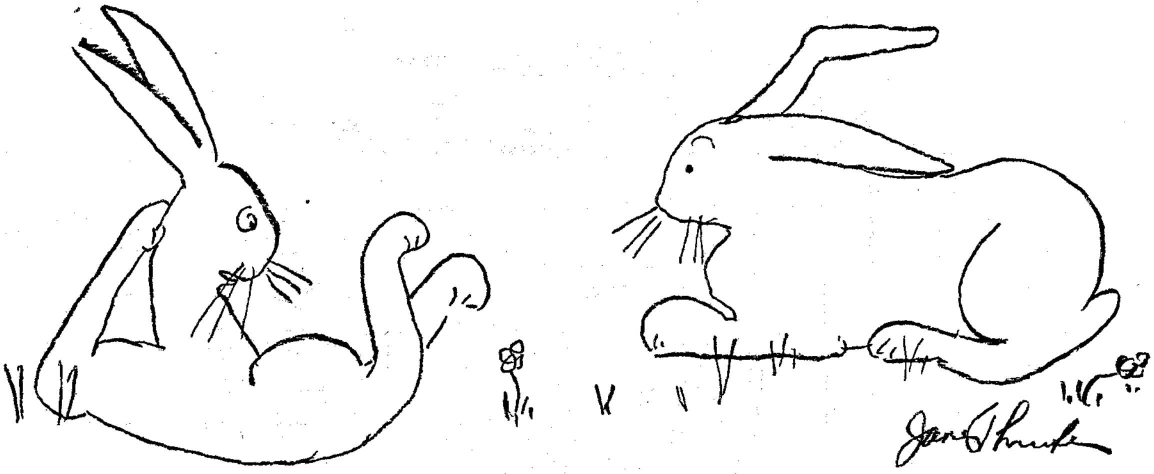
"That's very interesting," Mr. Eugene said. "You'll have to tell me more. You left just about the time we had the dam finished, didn't you?"

"About."

For two years in a row, the ducks hadn't come back to the big lake, and the Van Kleecks had decided to create another lake by damming up the stream. It was supposed that the ducks had been frightened off by the noise of the motor launch, and Mr. Eugene had a notion they would return if they found a new body of water.

"It worked," said Mr. Eugene. "The ducks are back and we've acquired quite a respectable colony of green herons, *Butorides virescens*. I'd be happy to have you come with me to see them."

"I'd like to do that sometime," Charlie said.



“*Well, sir, he was the most astonished magician you ever saw in your life.*”

They forgot to look at the drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, but they examined a roomful of Metcalf’s work and Mr. Eugene asked a few questions about English birds. There was no opening for Charlie to inquire about how much the Van Kleecks intended to pay him.

Later in the afternoon, Charlie caught sight of Mr. Joe at the head of the bridle path and he thought, Maybe this joker will give me an idea. How can a man make up his mind about a job if he doesn’t know what the work is or what they intend to pay?

Mr. Joe was at the wheel of a convertible, trying to get it started.

“This damn thing won’t kick off,” he said. “How’ve you been, Charlie?”

He was the tallest of all the Van Kleecks and husky, too. Charlie had never seen much of him. He had always been at school or in Europe. He’d even been in Java to study the native dances. Still and all, you’d think he’d have more to say to someone just back from Germany. He looked sore as a boil about not being able to get the car started. He ran that battery for a minute at a time.

The battery sounded good. Charlie said he thought it might be just that the car had been sitting on a slope and the carburetor needed priming. Mr. Joe hollered for one of the stablehands and made him bring a can of gas. Sure enough, priming did the trick.

“Talk about coming in the nick of time,” Mr. Joe said. “First you go off and save our country and then you get back just in time to save my life. I’ve got fourteen minutes to make that train.”

He drove off and left Charlie talking to the stablehand, a new man.

“We don’t see much of Mr. Joe,” the man said. “Far as he’s concerned, these horses could stay in their stalls all year.”

CHARLIE had dinner at the Claytons’, and Mrs. Clayton was some cook, all right. His mother, good as she had been, could never have put on a spread like that. Mrs. Clayton had a soup, made out of Mr. Van Kleeck’s herbs, that was better than anything Charlie had eaten in New York. Young Harry drank the last of it from his plate. So what?

Clayton had a slight limp that Charlie had not noticed before. He’d fought in the last war, seen some pretty rough going, but, he told Charlie, that wasn’t where he’d got the game leg. Injured by a combine down in Texas. You never knew.

They sat on the porch and looked over Young Harry’s collection of insignia. Charlie added some ribbons and a miniature silver bar, one of those things you couldn’t wear in the States. He had to tell the Claytons about getting shot down from formation and bailing out this side of Düsseldorf. They wanted to know about Roy Huddleston, who had the Congressional, and if Red Cross packages had got through to the prisoners, and what General Eisenhower was like. Charlie had once seen General Eisenhower at a theatre in London.

The country looked like a million dollars. There must have been thirty shades of green in the hills. A young chipmunk kept going in and out of its burrow. When you kept quiet, all you could hear was the brook under the willows and a hummingbird.

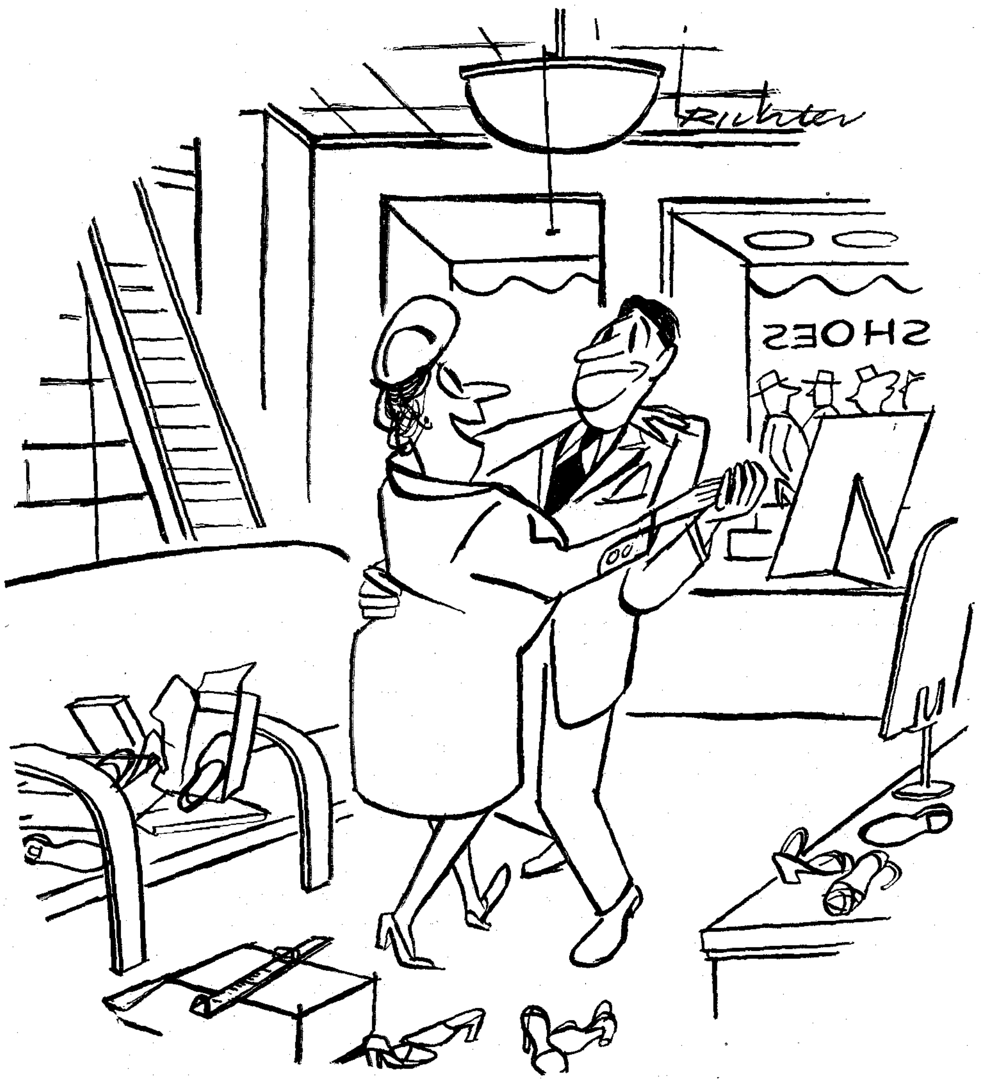
Charlie thought, Oh, Christ, this is the place. He wondered if he’d be expected to live with the Claytons. He couldn’t think of anything more pleasant. Money didn’t mean a thing out here. Suppose Mr. Van Kleeck offered him only room and board and maybe eighty a month? What, after all, was there to spend on here? Charlie’s father had never got more than a hundred and he managed to save about a half of it, with a family and all. Agricultural school was out, though. No more classroom work for yours truly.

In the evening, Clayton and Charlie drove over to Boulton. This Clayton was a nice guy, quiet. Charlie told him his problem, but Clayton said nothing. He seemed to be one of these fellows who mulled things over before he offered advice. Charlie liked that.

They stopped in for malteds and, before you knew it, the drugstore was in full swing, practically everybody there. Bill Kraber showed up, and just like he’d said, he refused to salute. They had some kidding back and forth about the Air Force getting flight pay and the dogfaces having to get them out of prison. Bill Kraber had a lot on the ball, and with any kind of breaks he would have got to be an officer, but the drugstore wasn’t the place to concede that. So Charlie said the Bronze Star came in Cracker Jack boxes, and all you had to do to stay alive in the infantry was to keep your arches from falling.

Most of the girls who had grown up with Charlie had left town for one reason or another. Some of them had got married and many had moved to East Hawley with their families. There was a chemical plant in East Hawley, still going at capacity and no cutbacks in sight. Half the girls that Charlie asked about worked there. But a new crop had come along and they looked, if anything, better. They wore their hair up, like summer people. They swished in and out of the drugstore and gave Charlie the once-over as if they’d been the guys and he the dish. A uniform with brag rags, wings, and silver bars will do it every time. “You’ll kill ’em,” said Bill.

Charlie didn’t want to kill ’em, but he certainly thought he could do with a little of the stuff. This was what you talked about at Stalag Luft 3—stuff hanging from low branches and begging to be picked. The one called



"I'll take this pair."

Willa had almost surely been picked before, and Clayton would probably not mind lending his Chevvy. There was no more gas rationing and you wouldn't have to drive far, not in those hills.

No, you wouldn't get rich on the Van Kleeck place, but that kind of job was nothing to sneeze at. With the war plants all folding, people would be giving their eyeteeth for something as solid as that. You wouldn't catch the Van Kleeck place folding, if the old man had to live to be a hundred. Even Mr. Eugene would always want some woods to operate in. Half the money in the world belonged to Van Kleecks. And there just wasn't any prettier country in the universe. England was pretty in the springtime, but you couldn't find a double vanilla malted in the whole U. K.

Charlie felt good. He would have sat there drinking malteds for a long time if Clayton hadn't got up to go. Clayton said he had to be at work fairly early and wanted to be in bed by ten.

They drove back in the darkness, and the night air was like nothing else at all.

"Think you might take that job?" Clayton asked.

"I might."

"You could do a lot worse. If you can please Mr. Van Kleeck about the herbs and the orchard, you won't have to look for another job in his lifetime."

"I think I could. My father was the best gardener in this county and he used to go out of his way to teach me."

"I wish someone had taught me," Clayton said. "I'm a grain farmer myself. Never could give satisfaction to Mr. Van Kleeck. I figure he'll move me out when you come in."

"He wouldn't do that."

"Yes, he would. It's a one-man job. He knows that."

"Hell, I wouldn't want him to move you out," said Charlie. "It's your job, not mine."

"Just as much yours. Maybe more. Your father's put a lot into the place."

"I don't see where that cuts any ice. What would you do if you did get moved out?"

"I don't know," Clayton said. "This leg of mine won't let me work in the fields. I could still go over and find something in East Hawley, maybe. They're still hiring at the plant there."

"I wouldn't like to see you do that. I don't think Mrs. Clayton would like it there, or Young Harry, either."

"They can make do."

Charlie didn't feel so good any more. The night air still blew soft and cool against his face, but it didn't feel so good any more. It was true, Mr. Van Kleeck had not spoken highly of Clayton's work, but that didn't necessarily mean he'd let him go. Not necessarily.

Hell, Charlie didn't need anybody's job. There was no use elbowing an old man for eighty a month. It might even be as low as sixty and Mr. Van Kleeck might just as easily take it into his head to insist on agricultural school. That was out. No more classroom work for yours truly. No more examinations. After eleven hundred hours in the air, a man didn't feel like memorizing formulas. Call it laziness, if you want to.

Charlie's tropical-worsted uniform had just recently been pressed. There wasn't a crease on it out of place. Over Germany, he'd been shot down in a pair of coveralls and he'd worn them in the prison camp for months. Clothes didn't make the man, but there was no use giving up tropical worsteds for a pair of clodhopper's overalls. If Mr. Joe could give you the brushoff in a first lieutenant's uniform, he wouldn't so much as look at you in the garden, trimming hedges. Why, the ignorant bastard didn't know enough to prime a carburetor. What was to keep him from bringing his car around to the orchard next year and saying, "Give 'er a grease job, Lieutenant"? He probably wouldn't do that, but he might.

Charlie had his mind made up. In the morning, he would write to Roy and ask about the chances of getting assigned to a jet group. Roy could fix it if anybody could. There were a lot of fliers trying to get into jets, but the brass would listen to Roy. Jets were no tougher than any other airplane. Faster, that's all.

—Edward Newhouse

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Wanted—Oxnard restaurant needs Seabee to wash dishes and two waitresses. Call at Coverall office.—*Adv. in the Port Hueneme (Calif.) Seabees Coverall.*

And don't push.

NO OTHER GODS

THE death of old Miss Warrender's father turned out to be a great shock to her. At first she felt all calm and efficient, attending to the horrid details of the funeral, such things as being shown caskets at the mortician's and having them recommended to her as if they had been grades of winter underwear—such bad taste, somehow. But after the old gentleman was safely laid away in the family plot, with its wrought-iron fence, Miss Warrender began to feel more and more strange.

She was free and had a little money, and now she could manage the little place her father had left to her as she chose, without the terrible dicta from the head of the house as to what was to be eaten, how much was to be paid for it, and what was to be done with the remains. For, in a dutiful way, even Miss Warrender could not but realize that her father had been a very domineering man. Of course, gentlemen were supposed to be domineering. But sometimes it had been very hard. Having to shop around to find prime cuts of beef and never being allowed a new hat for Easter had been a cross to bear. She was sure she ought to feel better than she did, since, after all, dear Papa had been very sick at the last and death had been a blessed release.

Instead, she began to have the most unpleasant sensations. Little faces, both friendly and unfriendly, looked out at her from the wallpaper, from the pattern on the rug. In the village, the dear old village, where she had shopped all her life, she would suddenly not know quite where she was, and of course she hesitated to ask a friend where Dominick's Market was—what would anyone think?—though sometimes she used to ask directions from the policeman, who was young and new to the town and didn't realize that Miss Warrender had lived in it for sixty-odd years.

The sixty-odd years seemed melted away at times, and Miss Warrender would feel for a while just as she had when she was a little girl. But where was Peters' Bakery, and where was the Gunnersons' house? Gone, quite gone. It was most confusing. There was no one to turn to. Oh, for someone to turn to, Miss Warrender thought. Gradually she became convinced that she must be very wicked to have such odd and unnatural fancies and to have the urge to go to church.

Dear Papa had not allowed her to go to church. Church had been one of his prejudices. When dear Mamma was alive, they had gone, the two of them together, to the Congregational meeting house. But that was long ago, and since her mother's death Miss Warrender had lacked the courage to brave Papa's prohibition. But she had wanted to go so much. So on one Sunday she dressed herself in her nicest clothes and set off for church with a full and penitent heart and the highest hopes.

For she longed for God. She wanted to find Him, in His dwelling place. She felt tremulous and eager as she passed up the walk to the church, nodding to her lifetime acquaintances. She went in and waited shyly for an usher to show her to a pew. The sun came in through the old-fashioned paned windows. Many of the faces were unfamiliar to her. She sat on the very edge of her seat, with her gloved hands folded nervously in her lap, waiting for the service to begin.

God was in this place, it was His temple, and she needed God so. God would take away the horrid feelings and fancies. There must be something wrong in her to have brought such feelings, and if she prayed for help and guidance, God would forgive her for whatever was wicked in her and take away the little faces and the lost feeling.

The minister came out into the pulpit and his face was strange to her, too. Of course she had known that it would be a new minister. She looked up at his face hopefully. But the face seemed to her severe and wrathful. Oh dear, how she did long for comfort and not for any more accusations than she had in her already!

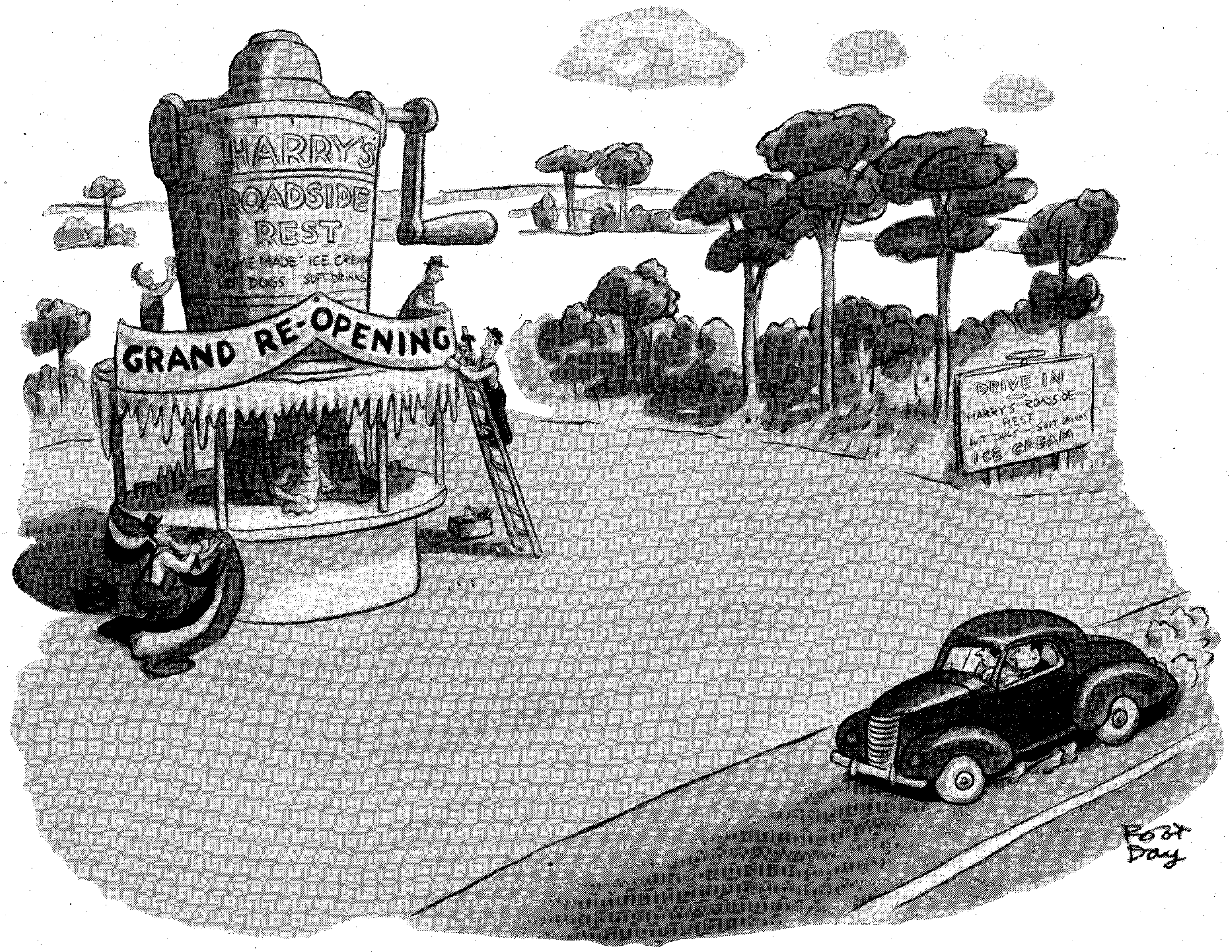
The face dominating the congregation seemed to her an accusing face, specifically accusing her. "You have done wrong, Agnes Warrender. You must be sacrificed." The words came right into her head and it was hard to hold on to the realization that her own mind had said them and not the minister, now reading the second lesson.

As the service progressed and the minister launched into his sermon, Miss Warrender's feeling of near-panic rose. She wanted to go but dared not. It was not right to leave before church was over. What was this sensation, what was the rôle into which she felt herself being forced by some tremendous power? As the sermon went on, it came to her.

It was as though—but there was no sense in it, a tiny voice cried pleadingly in her head—it was as though the minister, that perfectly American and modern youngish man in sober black robes, were a priest presiding over a great and terrifying ceremony in which she herself was the victim about to be sacrificed. She cowered in her pew, trying to drive the feeling away. But the congregation, with their intent, listening faces, seemed the throng come to witness her sacrifice, the moment when she would be slain and offered up before the altar. She was holding onto the edge of the pew now with her stiff fingers.

When everyone rose to sing the final hymn, it was like coming out of a bad dream. The hymn ended and people began to go out. She could not bring herself to stop and talk with anyone, even though it was the proper thing to do. She had to get home, and she hurried away on her small, black-shod feet.

AFTER that, Miss Warrender did not dare to go to church. She wept, both in the night and in the early morning, when she felt bad, because she wanted God. She had looked for Him where she thought He was, and had not found Him. Where was He? Oh, she did need Him so! "Dear God, O Heavenly Father, where are You?" she whispered out loud, with her lips against the pillow. He must be somewhere. Even the worst sinners had found Him. She prayed and prayed, and searched herself over and over for faults, and all the time, everywhere she went, she was looking for Him. She knew that He took many forms. Perhaps she would find Him in the sky, perhaps His voice would come to her out of the rain. She clung to the belief that she would know Him when she found Him. It was so terribly hard to be without Him. The nights were restless and the awakenings so unhappy. All the time, she had to repress the tears of her deep inner mind. Where,



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where, where was He? Why didn't He come?

Miss Warrender was walking slowly along the village street on her marketing one morning, when she passed the hardware store. One of the two windows was filled with a display of children's toys, and right in the center of it was a sort of bear. At the sight of it, Miss Warrender had an odd, a palpitating sensation, a little flood of joy. She stood staring at this large black bear-like toy animal, with its black-and-white face that had a cheerful, comforting smile. Then, on an impulse, she went into the hardware store and asked to be shown the big bear in the window.

"It's a baby giant panda," young Mr. Niles said, reaching in through the back of the show window and pulling it out by one arm. Miss Warrender took it from him very carefully.

"I want him," she said.

"O.K., Miss Warrender," Mr. Niles said. "Want I should wrap it?"

"No, thank you," she said.

The old lady went out of Niles' Hardware Store, in her straight, long black dress, carrying the baby panda on the top of her market basket.

At first, when she got him home, she could not look at him. She felt embarrassed at the sudden impulse that had made her buy a child's toy animal. What had possessed her to go dashing in like that? What could young Mr. Niles have thought? But surely he had thought she was buying a present for a young niece or nephew. Except, oh dear, he must know she didn't have any niece or nephew. What strange feelings did come over her these days, she thought, in distress. Firmly she put the baby panda on top of her bureau. She would forget about him. Tomorrow she would think of some child in the village she could give him away to.

That night she slept wretchedly. Sometime before dawn she woke, as she generally did, and lay in her bed wanting to cry. She switched on the light, because the darkness seemed to press down on her so. At once her eyes fell upon the comfortable black bear, sitting on her bureau, looking at her, with his smile benign and kind.

"Father," she murmured in her half-consciousness.

Somewhere partly hidden in her mind was shocked disapproval, but she was too dreamy to care. She got out of bed and staggered over to the bureau and got the soft, plump bear and took him back to bed with her. He was all cozy in the curve of her arm.

"Dear father," she whispered, and turned out the light.

She was nearly asleep, but the slow, strong knowledge came over her that this was a far kinder, a realer father than she had ever had in life, this kind bear who was her dear father. She knew that this was true, no matter why, and went peacefully back to sleep.

—Nancy Hale

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Detroit Free Press]

Martinsburg, W. Va. (AP)—Sunflowers are growing 22 feet high in the yard of Perry Albright, all because of his idle curiosity while watching a passing freight train.

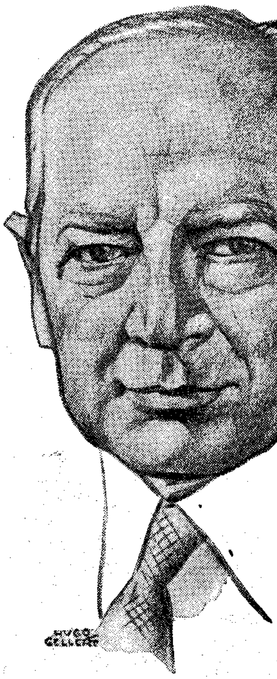
PROFILES

ON THE FORMULA

THE man responsible for the recent cigarette shortage is a small, bald, pious-looking, sixty-seven-year-old chemical engineer named Howard Berkey Bishop, of Summit, New Jersey, the country's most spirited crusader against the tobacco habit. Bishop does not deny this. In fact, he talks about it quite freely, though modestly. "It certainly arouses a reverent feeling in a man to have unseen forces come forward and take a hand for him like this," he remarked one afternoon a while ago on his way home from the Polo Grounds, where he had distributed copies of a tract entitled "A Formula for a Better Way of Life" to some of his most prominent converts, the St. Louis Cardinals, in their dugout. "All my life I fought this vicious tobacco blight virtually singlehanded until Providence stepped in and gave me and my Human Engineering Foundation our final boost toward ultimate victory." The Foundation was set up by Bishop in September, 1940, to bring his Formula before the world. He estimates that in the five years since then a million Americans have been persuaded to embrace the Bishop Better Way of Life, which involves giving up tobacco, liquor, coffee, tea, cola drinks, cocoa, chocolate bars, marijuana, and hashish. In those five years, besides goading Providence into bringing about the cigarette shortage, Bishop was responsible for our intensifying our prosecution of the war, the decrease in strikes throughout the country, the rise in our national income, honest government at New York City Hall, and the winning of the 1942 World Series.

For a person of his achievements, Bishop is not well known. He is less famous than Tommy Manville, for instance, or Bennett Cerf. He blames his obscurity on the advertising agencies, whom he detests almost as much as he does the Messrs. Chase, Sanborn, Hershey, and Reynolds. He has figured out that the agencies are trying, by ignoring him and thus indirectly causing the press to ignore him, to smother him in anonymity and sabotage his work. Fortunately, as the result of having perfected, in 1931, a process for manufacturing anhydrous hydrofluoric acid, he has sufficient income to carry on a steady and fairly expensive fight against the enemy. From his Human Engineering office, in Summit, three thousand circulars about the benefits of the Formula are now being mailed out a week. So far, half a million have gone out. In addition, in the past five years he and his secretary, Miss Josephine Rack, who has never eaten a Tootsie Roll in her life, have written fifty thousand letters to advertisers who show people smoking or drinking in their ads and to celebrities who have allowed themselves to be photographed in intimate juxtaposition to tobacco, alcohol, caffeine, or milk chocolate, and he has at least made himself well known to Lord & Taylor, the Nunn Bush Shoe Stores, Hart, Schaffner & Marx, the Borden Dairy Corporation, Edward Stettinius, Donald Nelson, Sinclair Lewis, Clare Boothe Luce, and Fiorello LaGuardia, all of whom he has written to at one time and another. He was probably well known to Franklin D. Roosevelt, too. "I must have written to that man seventeen times about tobacco, and to Wendell Willkie, too," says Bishop. "But they decided that they would just defy me and show that they were so strong they could live even with a cigarette in their mouths. Well, of course, I am very sorry for what happened, but it is a good lesson to the rest of humanity."

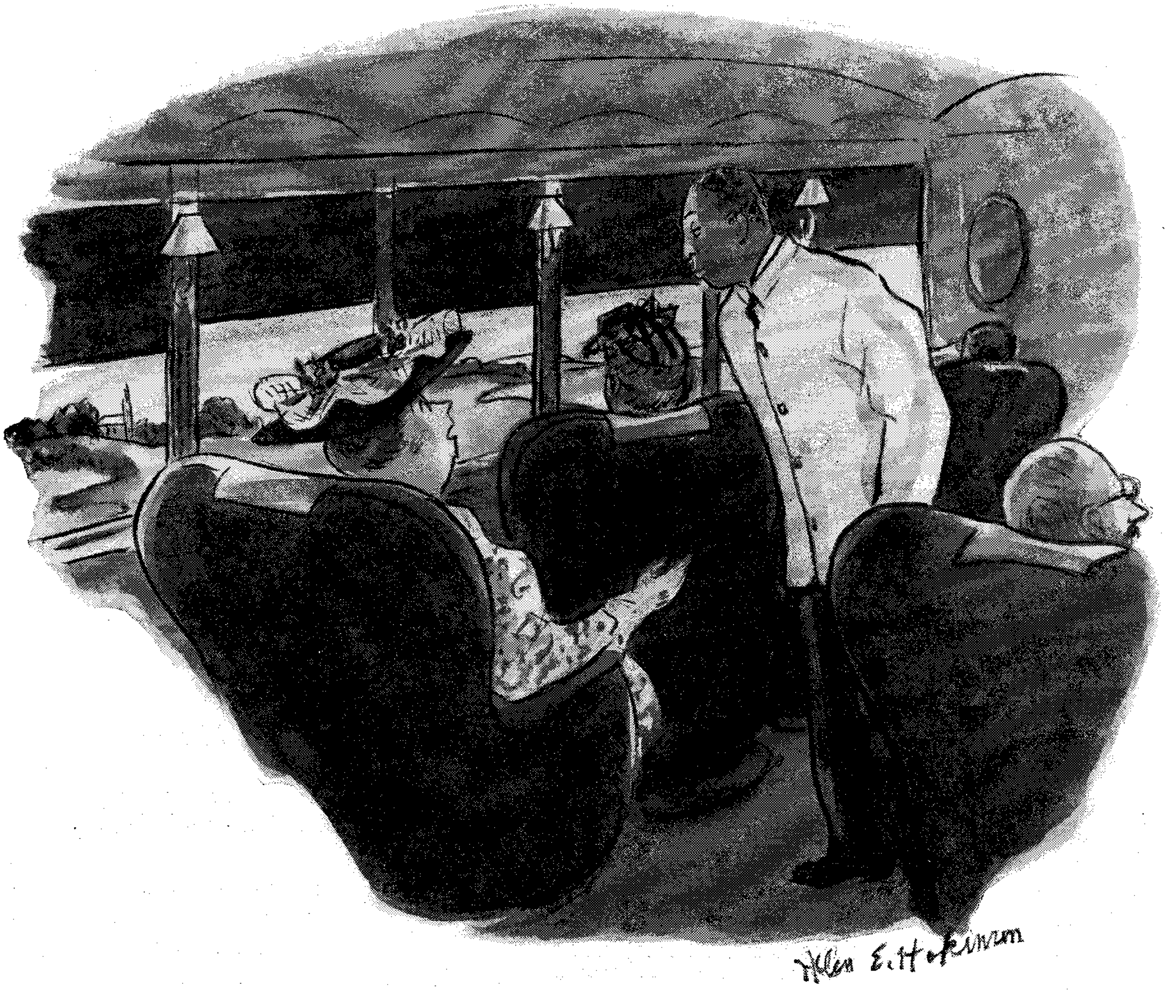
BISHOP's inflexibility of purpose is not the result of his being either a born reformer or a revamped sinner. Although he has never drunk alcohol and has had something like the Formula in mind for most of his life, he smoked cigarettes for a year in his early youth, drank coffee and cola drinks and ate chocolate bars until he was twenty-six, and didn't give up tea until eight years ago. "It was just a case of the great truth always being there, and finally I was brought into its presence," he says. It was a truth he knew nothing about during his formative years, when he and his mother were living with her parents in Winfield, Kansas. His grandparents didn't use liquor, but they always kept a large pot of strong coffee going on the back of the wood stove, and everyone helped himself to six or eight cups a day. His grandmother died at the age of eighty-four and his grandfather at eighty-six. "If they'd only learned to live by the Formula and not by that pot, they'd have lived to be a hundred," Bishop says.



Howard Berkey Bishop

Bishop doesn't remember the exact day he took to poisoning himself with tobacco, but he does remember that it was on a Thursday in the spring of his fourteenth year that a friend named Charlie Deer started him on his career as the Human Engineer. They had both just been sick behind the henhouse as a consequence of certain experiments with a corncob pipe. Charlie, who was three years the elder, said, "Let's bet each other five dollars that we can't quit smoking." From that day to this, Bishop has recoiled at the thought of using tobacco. He has periodically persuaded Charlie Deer, now a prosperous Texas farmer, to increase the size of their bet, in keeping with their rising fortunes, and the stake is now up to ten thousand dollars.

It was in 1904 that Bishop got around to despising coffee. He had graduated from the University of Michigan and was a research chemist for the General Chemical Company, in Laurel Hill, Long Island. "We had a Michigander party one Saturday and went on a picnic to the Palisades," he says. "My, what a good time I thought I was having! I was all keyed up and excited and ran around giving imitations and making those Michiganders laugh fit to anything. Next morning I woke up feeling practically like a sick man and right away I knew instinctively what was the cause of it all—those three cups of coffee I'd drunk down one after the other. Mother



"Isn't it about time for Massachusetts to begin?

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dipped me out some of the poison that morning as usual, but I poured it down the sink, and from that day I have never touched another drop." (He has never given any more imitations, either.) "Of course, at that same time, once I'd caught on to my danger, I also cut out all cola drinks, which contain one and five-tenths per cent caffeine, just as coffee does, and cocoa and chocolate bars, which, as is not generally known, are one and nine-tenths per cent poison." He continued to put away a fair amount of tea, however. His wife, Bertha Shaffner of Philadelphia, a Daughter of the American Revolution (Bishop is a Son), whom he met at one of the less boisterous Michigander parties and married in 1907, was responsible for his clinging to tea. Bishop was slightly suspicious, but she kept saying it was all right, and it was not until 1937 that he started checking up. When he did, he made the gruesome discovery that tea contains more caffeine than coffee—or that *some* tea does—and for a while, realizing what a narrow squeak he'd had, he was a stricken man.

Two years before that, Bishop had started spreading the Word about coffee, alcohol, and most of the other menaces. He began his work modestly by picking up hitchhikers along the fifty-six miles of highway between his home in Summit and Easton, Pennsylvania, where he owned a plant which made fluorine products. In the following four years he gave a lift and a lecture to, he estimates, two thousand astonished wayfarers. He had always been in the habit of speaking pointedly to acquaintances and employees who took poison in his presence, but he never realized his evangelistic potentialities until he came upon this large audience standing unsuspecting by the roadside. "Those men never knew what a glorious awakening they were in for," he says now, smiling happily. Once he was satisfied with his skill at converting hitchhikers, Bishop began talking to every one of his hundred and twenty-five employees about the Formula. During the spring of 1937, he saw them at the rate of two or three a morning. "I got all the men on to the Formula just as easy as changing a little baby's diet," he says. "Think of it! A hundred and twenty-five human beings kept permanently out of the toils of disease, strikes, crime, and the state institutions for the insane!"

After he had run through the men in his plant, Bishop began to enlarge his territory, and he has expanded it so widely that it now takes in the entire nation. He will address audiences anywhere in the country, and he is willing to go at his own expense. In this district, he has worked out on streetcar conductors, cab-drivers, fellow-travellers on the Lackawanna, would-be employees, waitresses at Childs, painters, plumbers, and paper hangers fixing up his house, salesmen dropping in to talk *him* into something, his fellow-members at the Chemists' Club in New York, people who sit at his table in the Automat, washroom attendants, bank tellers, panhandlers, and people standing in line with him at post offices.

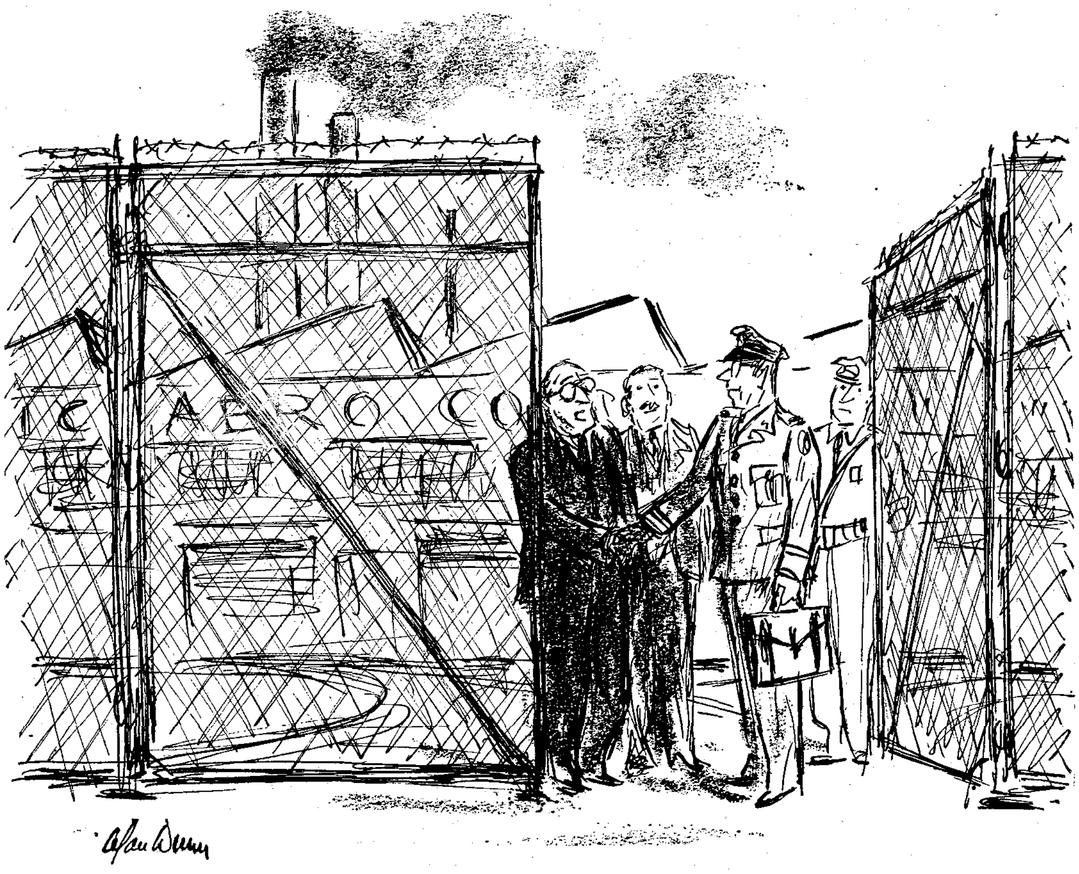
"The best time to get hold of a prospect," Bishop says, "is right off in the morning before he's had any breakfast or got any of that caffeine down to poison his mind against you. When I picked up those hitchhikers, I always asked them the first thing, 'My friend, have you had yourself any breakfast?' Nearly always they said no. It has been suggested to me that they would then get up their hope that I was about to buy them a meal, but of course I had something much more wonderful in mind for them. Now, the best position for talking to a prospect is where you can stare right into his eyes and he can't turn away without feeling he is looking a little shifty. This is naturally difficult to manage when you are driving a car at the same time, but on straight stretches I got to be pretty good at it."

Whether addressing a hitchhiker or a member of the Chemists' Club, Bishop's argument is about the same: " 'My friend,' I say to them, 'I see you are a man with a lot of friends and a fine personality and I would like to prove to you that we are living in a coöperative world by helping you out a bit. My friend,' I say, 'which of the following habits would it be hardest for you to give up—liquor, tobacco, coffee, tea, cocoa, chocolate bars, or cola drinks?' I don't make it Coca-Cola, you understand; there's no sense in giving one of the enemy a plug. 'Well, now,' I say, 'that's interesting that you should say tobacco. Mr. Jones,' I say, 'suppose I was to put twenty-five hundred dollars in your home-town bank for you, what would you think of that, Mr. Jones?' Well, you know, some of them turn around and look at me as if they thought I was really going to do it. But then I quickly tell them about how over the years since I was a boy I have saved a lot of money that I might have burned up in smoke, and have always been a healthy, contented, popular fellow besides, and how therefore I can guarantee them a saving of anyhow ten thousand dollars in a lifetime. 'Now, how about a fine, intelligent man like yourself giving me that pack of cigarettes, Mr. Jones?' I say. Sometimes they don't give over right away, so I tell them about all the other men I know that have handed over, and how they are now gaining weight, waking up with a nice clean taste in their mouths, rising like meteors in their careers, and their wives are in love with them all over again. If they still don't give over, I explain about how tea, coffee, and cola drinks put the nerves on edge, leading to the need of tobacco to quiet the nerves, and how the nicotine wears off, leading to the need for alcohol to quiet them all over again, and the next step being drugs to produce sleep, and finally the asylum. One way or another, I get forty-nine per cent of them to hand over those cigarettes before the talk is over. After that, of course, they go out and save other people."

Bishop estimates that he has made forty thousand converts first-hand and that these converts have made others, and the others others, until he has actually reformed a million people. He often writes down the names of proselytes and likely prospects and some data about them. He has filled a series of little notebooks with these entries. A more or less typical entry reads, "J. H. K., 40, R, Started Smoking in World War, A Sick Man Ever Since. Caught on Right Away. Will Also Tell Wife." Some of the cards have an "L" instead of an "R," and these are likely to have the additional notation "Very Difficult Case." The "L" and "R" notations are scientific data. "If you ask a man to fold his hands and he folds them with the right thumb over the left, his head rules," Bishop says. "If the left thumb is on top, he's indubitably a creature of emotion." Bishop is "R" himself, and glad of it. "L"s are inclined to be ornery creatures. Between the pages of the notebooks, Bishop files the penny postcards he gets from people he has tried to convert to the Formula. He gives all his prospects a postcard with his address on it and asks them to let him know how they are coming along. About one out of fifty of these cards gets back to him. Some of the senders thank him for his advice, some want to borrow money, and still others cause him to shake his head. "Heart men, nearly every one of them," he says pityingly.

IN 1939, when Bishop's crusade was beginning to take up most of his time anyway, he sold his chemical plant and gave up his highway patrol between Summit and Easton. When a gentleman in his middle years has plenty of leisure, a fair amount of money, a rumpus room in his cellar which can be converted into an office, and a plan for the improvement of the human race, it is almost certain that he will establish some sort of foundation. Bishop lost little time in following tradition. He incorporated his Human Engineering Foundation in January, 1940, and since then he has spent $35,000 on his project. The name of the Foundation was naturally derived from Bishop's professional background, but it was nevertheless an unfortunate coincidence for the Human Engineering Laboratory of Hoboken, an organization which for some years had been in the business of testing vocational aptitudes and now began to get a lot of very peculiar telephone calls and letters. This outfit has since moved across the river to Manhattan, and changed its name to the Johnson-O'Connor Research Foundation.

A quarter of Bishop's budget is postage stamps. He made his first big purchase early in 1940. The stamps were used to mail cease-and-desist letters (Bishop's Form A) to all the fourteen hundred advertising agencies in the country, demanding that they immediately give up their tobacco, coffee, and liquor accounts. To Bishop's astonishment, nothing happened. Since then, forty thousand other letters (Form B) have gone out to the manufacturers of



THERE IS PEACE

Consider the frightful armament of peace:
The dagger look, the neighbor's enmity,
Arrows of fortune, wounded vanity,
Around the corner the intent police.
Recall the provocations: broken lease
Like treaty, borderline indignity,
Invasion of select community
By Negro, Jew; their hand-to-hand increase.
I walked through fields of peace alive with mines
Where every face exploded into wrath,
Weapons waylaid, communication lines
Smashed by an eyelid's flicker in the path.
Peace has returned, bleats lamblike at the door.
O fear her vengeful coming like a war.

—W. W. Gibson

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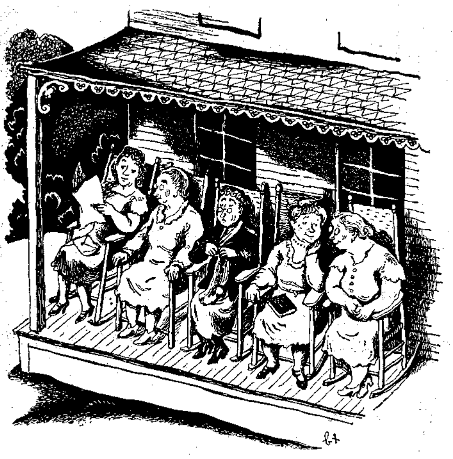
basically harmless products who gratuitously boost the Worse Way of Life by allowing people in their ads to have a cigarette, a cocktail glass, or a coffee cup in their hands. Form B insists that "good taste in advertising rebels at the use of negative, irritating, and controversial subjects." The Foundation subscribes to thirty magazines and half a dozen newspapers, and these are scrutinized for such disgraceful ads as one for Jergens Lotion that appeared a while back. It showed a husband brooding about his wife's rough, red dishpan hands and smoking a pipe for consolation. "The worst trouble I have is with pipes," Bishop said to a caller, as he ripped the Jergens page from a magazine. "There is a conviction going around that a pipe will sell anything, even a pneumatic tube. After all the times I've spoken to them about this!" The erring ad was sent off that day to Jergens, along with Form B. Sometimes Bishop is unable to confine his indignation to a printed form and dictates a letter to Miss Rack. There was, for example, the case of Borden's. "They showed some children making a snowman and they had allowed those innocent babies to be pictured sticking a *pipe* into that snowman's mouth," he says. "I managed to keep my temper on paper, of course, but for a while there I was a very angry man."

When the Foundation began this work, according to Bishop, magazines were riddled with such disgraceful displays. "I figured at least twenty billion examples a year," he says. "Thanks to my efforts, virtually none of this dangerous dirty work remains." He does not believe that he has had any effect on the advertising of the cigarette, coffee, liquor, and chocolate-bar companies. "I would never consider approaching them," he says. "You may bear this in mind—the Human Engineer conducts no traffic with the enemy proper."

The Foundation's missionary work among the indirectly sinful American industries has not been limited to improving their advertising. If the answers to his letters are amiable or noncommittal, Bishop usually replies or drops in on his prospects, and proposes, as he recently did to Lord & Taylor, that they tie up all their future merchandising campaigns with Human Engineering ideals. Now and again an answer so stimulates him that he rushes to Chicago, Denver, or St. Louis to discuss the possibility of converting some big corporation en masse to the Formula. This, as he informed the Chrysler Corporation some months ago, would guarantee it against labor troubles, among a number of other things. As he puts it, "Strikes and labor troubles are indications that something is wrong and needs to be corrected. Basic conditions in the human brain that bring about trouble result from fear, greed, and hate. These are the result of a chemical reaction brought about in people by taking poison. This has been accountable for getting civilization into all kinds of difficulties which find expression in war, pestilence, depression, et cetera."

When he is dealing with individuals who flaunt their sins in press photographs, Bishop never uses printed forms. He has written letters to ten thousand such offenders. Unfortunately, many of these communications, including ones to Sinclair Lewis, Babe Ruth, Benito Mussolini, Cary Grant, and Brigadier General Frank Merrill, of Merrill's Marauders, have not brought any reply. Merrill is known to have received his letter in the Burma jungle, and he might perhaps have been excused for not answering, but not by Bishop. "Of course, immediately after that, the whole Marauder group disintegrated," he says. "The reason was never plainly stated, but it was all very clear to me." Mayor LaGuardia has never answered any of Bishop's letters, but Bishop considers his case a triumph anyway. The Mayor used to smoke cigars, and Bishop called him down for it ten times without drawing any response. About a year ago, a story in the *Times* reported an occasion on which LaGuardia, offered a cigar, said, "Oh, I don't smoke." "I went around feeling good all that day," Bishop says. He wrote the Mayor, welcoming him to the fold. Bishop expects little of the plans made at the Potsdam Conference. It opened, he points out, with Truman, Stalin, and Churchill as the Big Three. He has written to all three of them frequently and has never received any acknowledgment. Churchill is, in fact, the worst offender in Formula history, having been reprimanded twenty-five times without result. Stalin has had half a dozen letters about that pipe. Bishop was encouraged by the news that President Truman does not smoke, but it soon developed that he drinks. When Churchill dropped out of the Conference, Attlee showed up with a pipe. Bishop got an air-mail letter off to him, but he doubts that it arrived in time to do any good.



On the whole, Bishop has found political figures more coöperative than any other group, even though they are not inclined to commit themselves to the Formula as definitely as he would like. Letters have come to him recently from Stettinius, Governor Warren of California, Bernard Baruch, Joseph Grew, and Clare Boothe Luce. Governor Warren devoted two lines to thanking Bishop for his advice and ten to extolling the great American West, and Mrs. Luce seemed disproportionately

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de la Torre

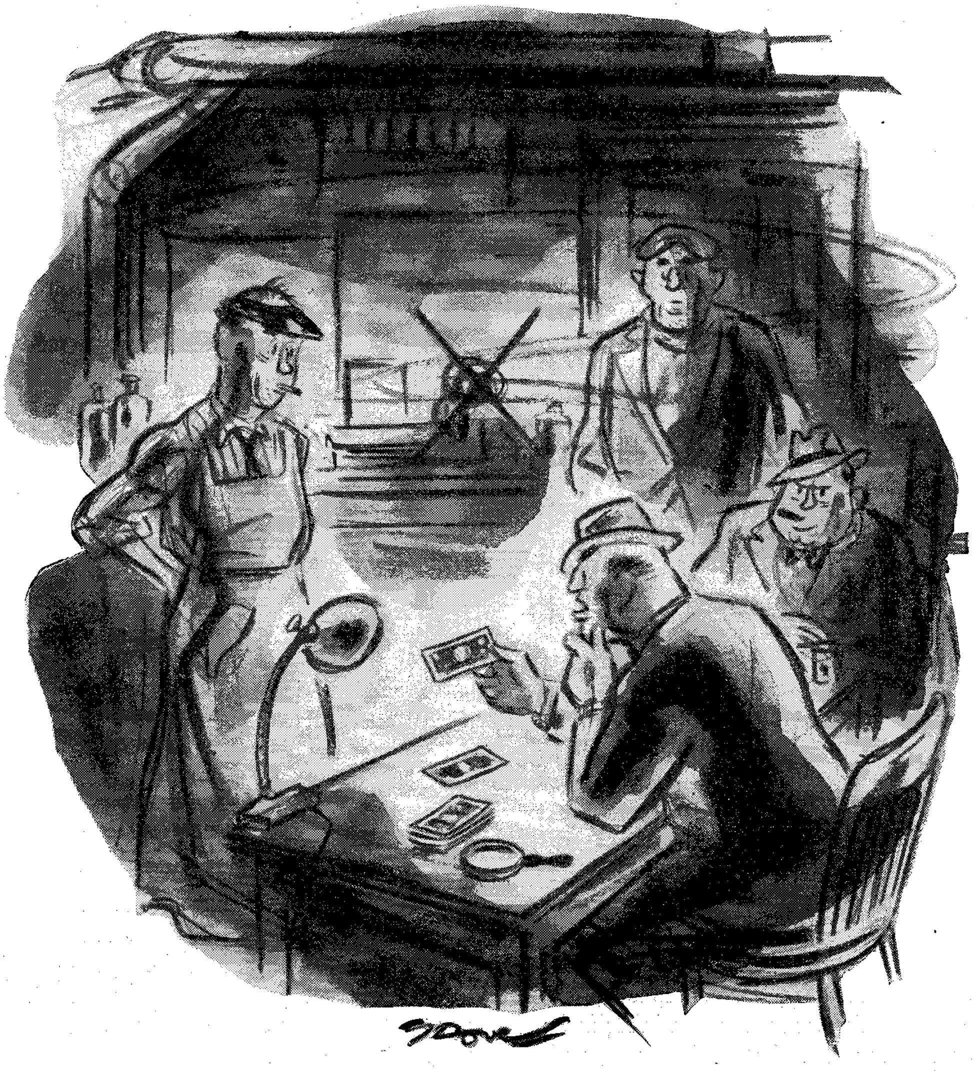
concerned with the dangers of what she called the growing collectivism in Washington. In 1941, Bishop rebuked Donald Nelson, then director of priorities for the O.P.M., for being photographed with a pipe in his mouth. Nelson replied that he regretted "if I have ever set an example which would result in the acquiring of such habits by young people." Bishop came back with a demand that Nelson go the rest of the way and embrace the Formula. "Come on and try it for two weeks," his letter began breezily. Instead of replying, Nelson went back to helping run the war effort, and turned over his end of the exchange to an assistant, who had to handle a considerably augmented correspondence for several weeks.

PERHAPS the greatest triumph of the Foundation was winning the World Series of 1942. The winter before, Bishop wrote to the officials of all sixteen major-league ball clubs guaranteeing them a winning team if they would follow his precepts. The only promising reply came from Branch Rickey, then of the St. Louis Cardinals (and, regrettably, a pipe smoker), who said that his team was in training in St. Petersburg and that Bishop was welcome to try his luck. Bishop was in Florida two mornings later. Sam Breadon, the team's owner and a non-drinker and non-smoker himself, gave him a seat in his box, and after the game Bishop started talking to the thirty-five players man to man. He spent two weeks with the squad and thinks that he converted half of the members before he left and that some of the others saw the light after they'd thought the matter over and been further reasoned with by mail. All the Cardinals were polite except Mancuso and Warneke, and it is worth noting that neither of them finished the season with the club. Upon his return to Summit, Bishop wrote to all the players he didn't feel sure of. To Mort Cooper, he wrote, "If you really want to do something constructive to help win the war, here is a way to make a very valuable contribution by following the simple Formula. . . . The non-use of these old-fashioned products will make your eyes quicker, your coördination more accurate, your senses more alert, all of which will result in fewer errors, strikeouts, and accidents, and make you a more efficient player, able to make a better batting average, steal more bases, and make more runs and home runs." (It was not clear why Cooper, a pitcher, should be expected to hop at the chance of fewer strikeouts.) The Cards gave Bishop some uneasy moments in the early part of the season, but by July the Formula was purring along in high, and they won the pennant in a rush and then beat the Yankees four games to one in the World Series. The Yankees were especially handicapped, of course, by their connection with the brewery business.

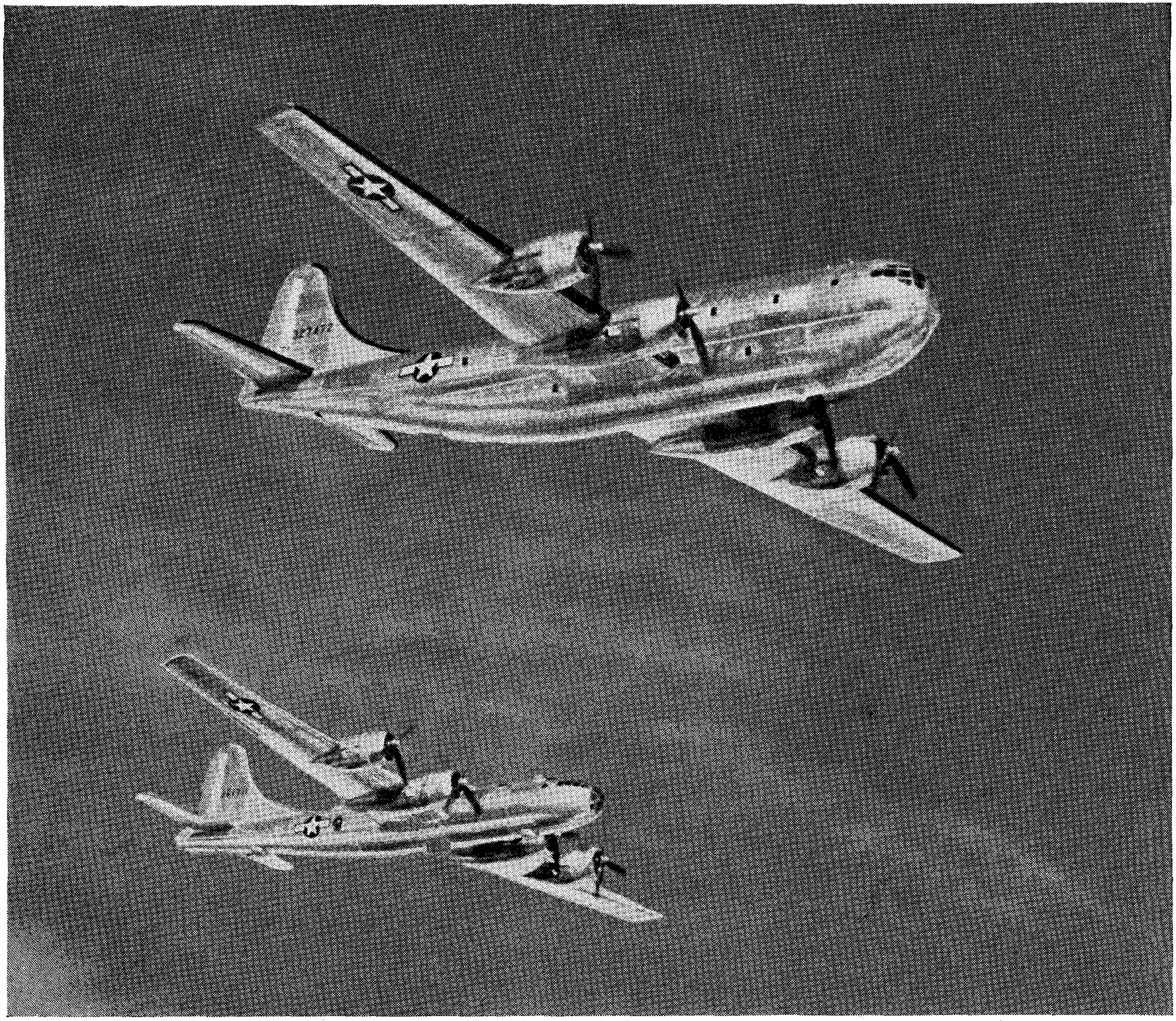
Bishop was born on his father's truck farm, near Bloomington, Illinois, on January 24, 1878. A year later his father was killed in an accident, and he and his mother went to live with her parents at Winfield, Kansas. His mother became Winfield's first telephone operator. In 1894, when her son was sixteen, she moved to Chicago and got a job in a photographic studio, and the boy was enrolled in a manual-training school. Later, he went to Armour Institute, also in Chicago. In 1897 they packed up their coffeepot and moved to Ann Arbor, where Bishop soon discovered the University of Michigan chemistry labs and moved in. He got his bachelor-of-science degree in three and a half years, with the class of 1900. "Naughty-naught, nitty-nit, wah-woo-wah, 1900 Michigan, Rah! Rah! Rah!" Bishop will sometimes recite softly to a prospect who turns out to be a fellow-alumnus. In 1902, he and his mother came to New York and he got a job with the General Chemical Company's laboratories in Laurel Hill, Long Island. He served his time over the Bunsen burners and in 1907 was awarded the William H. Nichols Medal for the discovery of a more precise method than theretofore existed of testing this and that for the presence of arsenic. He was made head of the laboratories in 1910. Seven years later he moved on to the National Aniline and Chemical Company, in Marcus Hook, near Philadelphia. By 1921 he had enough money to buy the John C. Wiarda Company, in Greenpoint, a concern manufacturing fluorine products, which had boomed during the war but wasn't doing so well then. Bishop worked it back up into the profitable class and sold it for a high price in the spring of 1929. That he got several times what he might have after the stuffing fell out of things a few months later is not regarded by Bishop as a freak of fortune or as a result of shrewd business sense. "There are forces which take special care of the financial interests of those on the Formula," he says. He has further proof of this in the fact that the Sterling Products Company, the small chemical plant in Easton in which he bought a half interest for $250 in 1908, was grossing $750,000 a year when he sold out in 1939 for well over a thousand times his stake. Much of this plant's prosperity was the result of Bishop's perfecting a process for making anhydrous hydrofluoric acid. This is a chemical used in making high-octane gasoline and freon. He gets a royalty on all the anhydrous hydrofluoric acid produced, and this is much more than enough to keep the Foundation in stamps.

After Bishop sold out in 1939, he went into retirement, but in the fall of 1943, he emerged to organize the Service Engineering Company, in New York, to promote new chemical notions. Bishop, who is president, has so far had to do little more than sign the checks and keep the firm's five stenographers on the Formula. This takes only two or three days a month. The rest of the time he is hard at work in the twelve-room stucco house in Summit where he lives with his wife. The three Bishop children—a lieutenant in the Navy, an Army major, and a daughter who has graduated from Wellesley—are all away from home.

At home, Bishop spends most of the day in his basement office, the Foundation headquarters. He descends to it at nine every morning, after a breakfast of fruit, soy milk, and hot water. He has been unable to hang anything definite on ordinary cow's milk, but he limits his diet to the ersatz variety just in case. Ordinary cold water, however, is off his list forever, and he's thinking



"No-o-o, I'm afraid you haven't quite got it. Hamilton's face had something more—a kind of luminous suggestion of virtue and integrity. Somehow you've missed it."



Boeing Stratocruiser (above) and Boeing B-29 Superfortress

BUY VICTORY BONDS

Trail-blazer for peacetime flight

The Boeing B-29 Superfortress is something more than the weapon that helped win the war against Japan. It embodies principles that will *revolutionize air transport* now that victory is won.

Not only have the great Boeing planes in which you may soon travel already been designed . . . a military version of the first true super-transport of the future —the Boeing Stratocruiser—has broken all records for transcontinental flight, with a coast-to-coast average speed of 383 miles per hour!

Boeing has had more experience in the design and building of four-engine aircraft than any other manufacturer in the world. Like the Superfortress, the new Stratocruiser has four engines —and even greater horsepower will be added.

Like the B-29, it has the extraordinarily efficient Boeing wing, giving it *huge carrying capacity*—plus higher performance and greater economy in operation than any other transport.

Again, like the Superfortress, the Stratocruiser benefits from Boeing leadership in stratosphere research and the production of aircraft for *high-level, over-weather operation.* It has improved pressurized cabins—*plus* new refinements in sound-proofing and air-conditioning.

It has all the structural and aerodynamic advances of the last three years, proved in war on Boeing-built aircraft—all the new features contributing to safe navigation, ease of control and dependable performance — *plus* passenger comfort never before imagined. It expresses, as no other commercial airplane has yet done, man's growing understanding of the laws of flight.

Now that peace is here, Boeing principles of research, design, engineering and manufacture will bring you the Stratocruiser and other advances in air transport . . . and you may know of any airplane—if it's "Built by Boeing" it's built to lead.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with Harold Keel, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Bob Kennedy • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE NATIONAL COMPANY
OKLAHOMA!
NOW—Forrest Theatre, Philadelphia

MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS • Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
REALLY AIR CONDITIONED
BROADWAY THEA. at 53rd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY"
—Lewis Nichols, Times
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
NEW YORK—HENRY MILLER'S Thea., Air-Conditioned 43rd St. East of B'way. Matinees Thurs. & Sat.
CHICAGO
HARRIS THEATRE. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

Drama Critics Award YEAR'S BEST PLAY
Eddie DOWLING & Louis J SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"THE play the whole country is talking about."—GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
Anna Lucasta
Air-Conditioned
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MAX GORDON presents
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40
Scientifically Air-Conditioned

about taking his Formula converts off it too. He has discovered that the chemicals used to purify it in reservoirs release free oxygen, which, unless it is boiled away, unites with the iron in the stomach and, naturally, rusts it. At the foot of the cellar stairs, Bishop finds Miss Rack, who is also rustless, and together they tackle the day's problems. His latest circular recounts the miserable tale of a mother who had been feeding her seven-year-old son three or four bars of chocolate candy a week under the grotesque assumption that it was nourishing and good for him. The Foundation is not surprised that the unfortunate lad was two years getting through the first grade. No piece of mail of any kind whatever leaves Bishop's office until a Bishop tract has been enclosed. This holds even for income-tax forms, Christmas cards, and letters to the Bishop children. Bishop and Miss Rack spend part of their mornings going through publications for subversive ads and news photographs, and they also watch for announcements of people getting new jobs and promotions, most of which are found on the financial pages. If the day's catch is unpromising, they pick up a few names from the bridal announcements, too. Bishop then dictates short congratulatory notes to brides, bridegrooms, promotees, and so on, suggesting that they adopt the Formula and enclosing a circular to explain it. During the war he mailed out a couple of thousand of these notes. One of them went to Princess Elizabeth, on the occasion of her joining the A.T.S. No answer. Another went to Irvin S. Cobb, who was spotted in the Sunday *Times* book section smoking a cigar, along with a lot of pipe-nuzzling authors. Cobb did reply, to the effect that he could think of a worse habit than smoking, and that was the habit of poking one's nose into other people's business. When Bishop talks about this affair, he calls attention to the fact that Cobb is no longer with us.

Lately Bishop has been averaging one lecture a month. His standard talk runs about an hour. He usually concludes with a demonstration. He has rigged up a system of glass tubes attached to a pair of gallon jars, one of which is filled with a chemical that turns a disgusting olive drab when it is hit by cigarette smoke. He also carries a small black-leather packet marked "Poison," from which he produces three glass phials containing, respectively, the amount of nicotine in a two-week supply of cigarettes (figuring a pack a day), the amount of caffeine in twenty cups of coffee, and the amount of alcohol in a glass of 3.2 beer. They have been displayed to the student body of Atlantic Union College in South Lancaster, Massachusetts, to a national convention of temperance leaders, to a meeting of the Anti-Cigarette Alliance in Washington, to the district conference of the Church of the Brethren in Oak Park, Pennsylvania, and to a national convention of naturopaths in Philadelphia. Bishop's appearances before such conservative bodies are not always entirely successful. They take to his tobacco and alcohol routine, but when he jumps them for using coffee, they sometimes grow cool to the whole idea of the Better Way of Life. Relations with the ladies of the W.C.T.U. have occasionally become strained when, after applauding their war against liquor, he has reproached them for their tea parties. "And it isn't only tea, either," he has said to friends. "I have seen on their tables great mounds of chocolate-coated graham crackers."

AT one period, Bishop spent a good many of his afternoons at directors' meetings in Summit, where he served in such local organizations as the Y.M.C.A. (president), the Calvary Episcopal Church (board of vestrymen), and the Summit Home for Children (vice-president). During his Y.M.C.A. presidency he rose at a board meeting and, looking optimistically around the smoke-filled room, offered to increase his contribution twenty-five dollars a month if the members would resolve that there would be no smoking at future sessions. There was a short silence, followed by the offer of a trustee—as it happened, an official of the American Tobacco Company—to raise the ante in exchange for a promise that the board would continue to smoke. Both offers were turned down, and the board continued to smoke. Bishop made a similar offer to the vestrymen of the Calvary Church, who accepted it but voted him out of office at their next meeting. He resigned from the board

of the orphans' home shortly after he had made a futile attempt to have the children's evening treat of hot chocolate discontinued on the ground that it was poisonous. The only social organization with which Bishop keeps in touch today is the New York Chemists' Club, on East Forty-first Street. On the several days a month he comes into town, he usually lunches there on the eighty-five-cent vegetable plate. The Chemists' Club has about two thousand members, almost all of whom have listened amiably, at one time or another, to what Bishop has to say but have continued to poison themselves.

During the last months of the war, whenever Bishop got too discouraged about his fellow-chemists he would go down the street from the club and watch the line in front of Benson & Hedges, finding in that desperate queue the symbol of his influence and of the happy days to come. To him, the cigarette shortage was a minor gain in his campaign to wipe out the tobacco industry. "Those tobacco fellows were goners anyhow," he says. Of an evening in Summit, he may get out his car and drive along Hobart Avenue, past the estate of George Hummel, chairman of the board of the Lorillard Company, maker of Old Golds. "My," he will say in a dry, sorrowful voice to anyone who happens to be with him, "it does make you sad to think of it, doesn't it? That poor fellow having to give up his fine house and plow up that garden and start all over again in the world. Poor Hummel," he says, shaking his head. "Can't keep fooling himself much longer. Not much time left to him now." —ANDY LOGAN

•

THE CONVALESCENCE OF MRS. PECKHAM

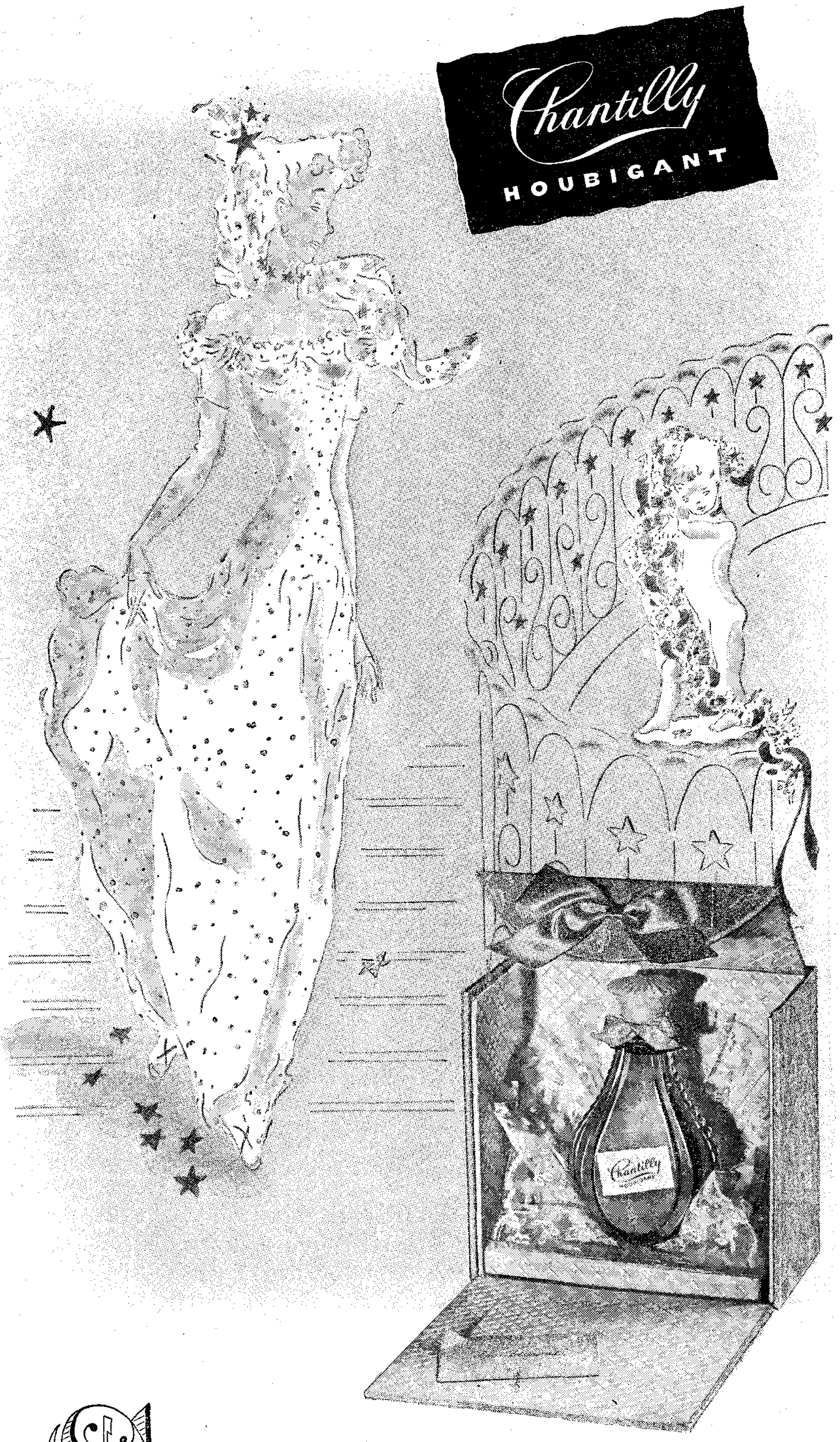
[*From the Nassau (L. I.) Daily Review-Star*]

Editor, Nassau Daily Review-Star:

I stumbled over a chair on the veranda, cut two gashes over my right eye, blacked my nose, eyes and face, sprained my left wrist, bruised my elbows and knees and now after all this fun and being plastered up am resting in bed with my daughter caring for the home.

I am always happy to see my friends and am trying to keep things moving. How about more meat and eggs for American families and the abolishment of vivisection. When I fell my cat came up and kissed me and my dog cried like a baby. I never say God forgive a torturer of animals. I say God punish them. May our boys soon return from the service. What a blessing to the world if all the war leaders had been shot in the beginning.

MARY RANDOLPH PECKHAM



Secret weapon for a lady

A very special perfume called Chantilly,

originated by Houbigant...delicately spicy,

feminine, and haunting as a lovely melody.

A little is enough to turn a man's head!

Dusting Powder de luxe, with huge, fluffy lamb's wool puff... Eau de Toilette, richly perfumed, delightful

● Widmer's vintage wines are produced and bottled at the winery on the sunny slopes of Naples Valley . . . a region famed for its superior wine grapes.

For more than 30 years our Neapolitan Label has distinguished our premium selections—the finest wines ever to bear the Widmer name.

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths
Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N.Y.

WIDMER'S
RHINE WINE
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creative paintings
arthur jacob
Sept. 1 to 15
norlyst • 59 w. 56th n. y. c.

A NEW ROMANTIC MUSICAL
Marinka
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
Joan ROBERTS • Harry STOCKWELL • Romo VINCENT
Luba MALINA
WINTER GARDEN B'way and 50th St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30 | AIR-CONDITIONED

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' *'Mama's Bank Account'*
with F. HEFLIN, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX, Air-Cond., W. 45 St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

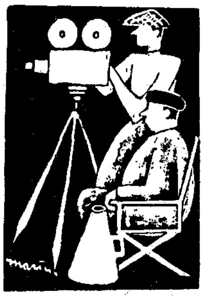
MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
Irene DUNNE
Alexander KNOX • Charles COBURN
"OVER 21"
A Columbia Picture
●
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Boston to Bataan

IT is apparently one of the inflexible rulings of the Hays Office that on the screen people just don't get away with murder. If you kill anybody outside your usual line of duty, no matter how tiresome he or she may seem to be, either the law or God can be relied on to take care of you. If you don't swing or burn, Providence will surely think up some other little surprise for you, and you can be quite sure it won't be pleasant. It is a simple code, no more childish than most attempts to keep us pure by legislation, and may indeed have caused more than one customer at the Roxy to rearrange his plans about his wife. Artistically, however, it probably presents its problems to the creative thinkers on the Coast, especially when they are confronted with the task of adapting a book or play in which the essential point is that the guilty man escapes any tangible retribution.



A nice example of this turned up last week in "Uncle Harry," a film revamped from a 1942 melodrama of the same name by Thomas Job. In their preliminary advertisements, the producers described "Uncle Harry" as "the play that shocked Broadway." It was hardly that, since even Burns Mantle, who shocks at least as easily as the next man, wrote only that it was "an artificially contrived drama, depending on nothing as serious as a theme, social or political, and with no more than a single hope that it would furnish an evening's intelligent entertainment offered as an excuse for its production." The idea, roughly, was that a harried little artist, finding himself unbearably frustrated by his two spinster sisters, poisoned one and then passively allowed the other to be tried and convicted for his crime. In the end, he tried to save her by confessing, but by that time the indignant lady had decided that justice would be more poetically served if she just permitted herself to be executed, leaving him with the humiliating thought that nobody could possibly take him seriously as a murderer. Finally, he was reduced to picking up strangers in bars and boring them silly with some preposterous story about how he had killed two women.

This was a neat, acceptable irony, but it was too much for Hollywood, and reports say that no less than three other conclusions were tried out before the authorities settled on the current one, which is a dream in every sense. Uncle Harry doesn't kill anybody this time; he just falls asleep while turning the project over in his mind and has a mildly troublesome nightmare, waking up in plenty of time to elope to Boston with Ella Raines, who happens to be mooning around the premises. I guess this is the most ingenious possible answer to the whole foolish problem, but it hardly makes what you'd call a really eventful picture. George Sanders and Geraldine Fitzgerald look rather genteel and stuffed as Uncle Harry and his morbidly jealous sister. The same adjectives might be applied to the dialogue.

"BACK TO BATAAN," which seems to have fallen a little behind history, opens with the release of twelve American prisoners of war from Cabanatuan and then skips back three years to tell the story of Filipino resistance, with special emphasis on the guerrillas. "Perhaps Filipinos are naturally good actors," my assistant notes, "or perhaps it's the contrast between their soft voices and mild brown eyes and their extremely efficient work with the bolo that makes the picture seem quite exciting. Anyway, when an American naval officer tells the ranking Filipino to evacuate the civilians, and he answers, 'After Bataan, there are no civilians,' you are inclined to believe him. A foreword says that this is not an invented story but what actually happened. With some reservations, having to do chiefly with a beautiful native spy, I am ready to believe that, too."

—W. G.

●

In the terminology of G. I. Joe advertising can spearhead the approach to the sales objective, but if a fight for the business is definitely indicated the advertising must have the support of every logical force necessary to "take over"—the reconnaissance of forward-looking research, the making of contact and smashing of resistance with the sales bombs of trained sales pilots and field men, the infiltration of experienced service crews to hold the objectives—all timed to function according to a coordinated plan of attack. And all of this adds up to something more pretentious than a series of pretty pictures and attractive lay-outs.—*From Inprint, a little sales gazette for business executives.*

Yes, it certainly does. And Joe has a word for it.

WHAT DODGE IS GOING TO DO

★

Again and again, from one end of the country to the other, the question is continuously asked— "What's Dodge going to do?"

The same question has been asked down the thirty years since the days of John and Horace Dodge at every turning point in the history of the motor car,—*"What's Dodge going to do?"*

Today's answer is — Dodge is starting production on the finest passenger car in its history. *It is not an experimental car.* It is as sound and certain a product as thirty years of leadership experience can make it.

If you know the immediate background of these new cars, you will recall that fully Certified Public Tests established for the last pre-war Dodge cars a public record in economy and performance that remains unchallenged to this day.

If you pause to think again, you will recall that Dodge All-Fluid Drive was an abrupt turning point in the technical development of all cars, giving an entirely new quality of automobile driving and performance.

The new Dodge will continue this brilliant advance. The styling of the new car will be in smart keeping with the fluid smoothness of its performance. Tests have already shown that in economy it will be another record breaker.

DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

New Thursday Night program! The Music of Andre Kostelanetz with the most Popular Stars of the Musical World, Thurs., CBS, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

OUT

AFTER four years, four months, and nineteen days in the Army, it is difficult to talk about the experience of getting discharged. There is too much to say. The event is too big. And there are still too many men who are not getting out. It is also embarrassing, after so many hours of bitching about the Army, to report that a military process can be pleasant and efficient, with no apparent red tape, little rank pulling, and even a certain amount of dignity. On an upper level, the separation process has, of course, been bollixed up in good Army fashion. For one thing, there do not seem to be enough separation centers, so men eligible for discharge have to wait; for another, there seems to be, at this late date, a strange shortage of men in such critical Army occupations as clerks and typists, so a great many men returning from overseas with the required number of points are being impressed into further service at separation centers, typing discharges for men lucky enough never to have been classified as anything more important than riflemen. At the Fort Dix Separation Center, however, which recently returned me to civilian life, the discharge process proceeded with speed and courtesy. I went to Dix with ninety-eight points and orders for discharge, but I would not have been greatly surprised to wind up in Japan. As it happened, I got out of Dix and the Army in forty-eight hours. I am still not quite sure how this happened, but it did. I think it did.

I WENT to Dix one morning with five other men from my outfit, all of us travelling on the same order. Before we left New York, the major in charge of our detachment called us together and said that we had to be at Dix that afternoon. He said he'd been in constant communication with the separation center and the people there were presumably panting to make us civilians. We shook the major's hand warmly and dashed right off to New Jersey. Naturally, no one at Dix had ever heard of us. The separation center was a casual assortment of barracks in a corner of the post. We reported to a building marked "Incoming Personnel" and tried to convince a captain and a bored first sergeant there that we were expected and were to be discharged at once. They were not impressed. We had orders for separation and that was all they were interested in. We would be processed like everyone else. The captain took our service records and our other papers and the sergeant handed us each a white tag. "Print your name, rank, and serial number and tie it to your left pocket," he said. Then he called a corporal and told him to take care of us. We were sure that a terrible mistake had been made. "But we're expected!" cried our squad leader, a technical sergeant from Pittsburgh. "Follow me," the corporal said.

The corporal led us down a hall and into a large room with a counter running along one side and several soldiers behind it. We lined up and they gave us blank forms asking for pertinent biography. The clerk who handed me my form wore glasses and a gentle, comforting smile, and he was the first hint that separation was not an ordinary Army process. When I had finished, he pointed to a corner of the room and said, "If you want to reënlist, you go over there." I looked at him and he smiled. "I have to ask you that," he said softly. I inquired how long it would take to get out and he leaned over and patted me on the shoulder. "We'll get you out as soon as possible," he said. I felt like patting him back and telling him not to worry, but before I had a chance the corporal herded us into another room. This was lined with shelves full of clothes. We had all turned our extra clothing in to our own supply sergeant, so we went right through. The corporal led us out another door and across a yard to a tent. There was nothing to sit on in the tent, so we sat on a bench outside. The corporal gave us blue cards and told us to print our name, rank, and serial number, and the date. Then he collected the cards and went back into the building.

The afternoon was sunny and hot. The tent was on the edge of a meadow and across the meadow were other barracks, quivering in the heat. It was very still. None of us said much. After a few minutes, another soldier came out of the building and joined us. He looked about forty and was wearing wings and a China-Burma-India patch. He was soon followed by the corporal and a soldier in dungarees, both of whom sat down on the grass. The soldier in dungarees said belligerently, "I got ninety goddam points and I'm essential." The tech sergeant from Pittsburgh asked him what he did. "I'm an essential truck driver at this here essential separation center," he said. I looked at the tech sergeant and he looked at me. At that rate, anything was essential. We asked him if they were picking up men who came through for discharge and he said, "Yes, but you're all right if you get on a roster." He explained that a roster was a list of men to be processed for discharge as a unit. We asked when we would get on a roster and he spread his hands. "Maybe tomorrow,"

GIGANTIC
CLEA NCE
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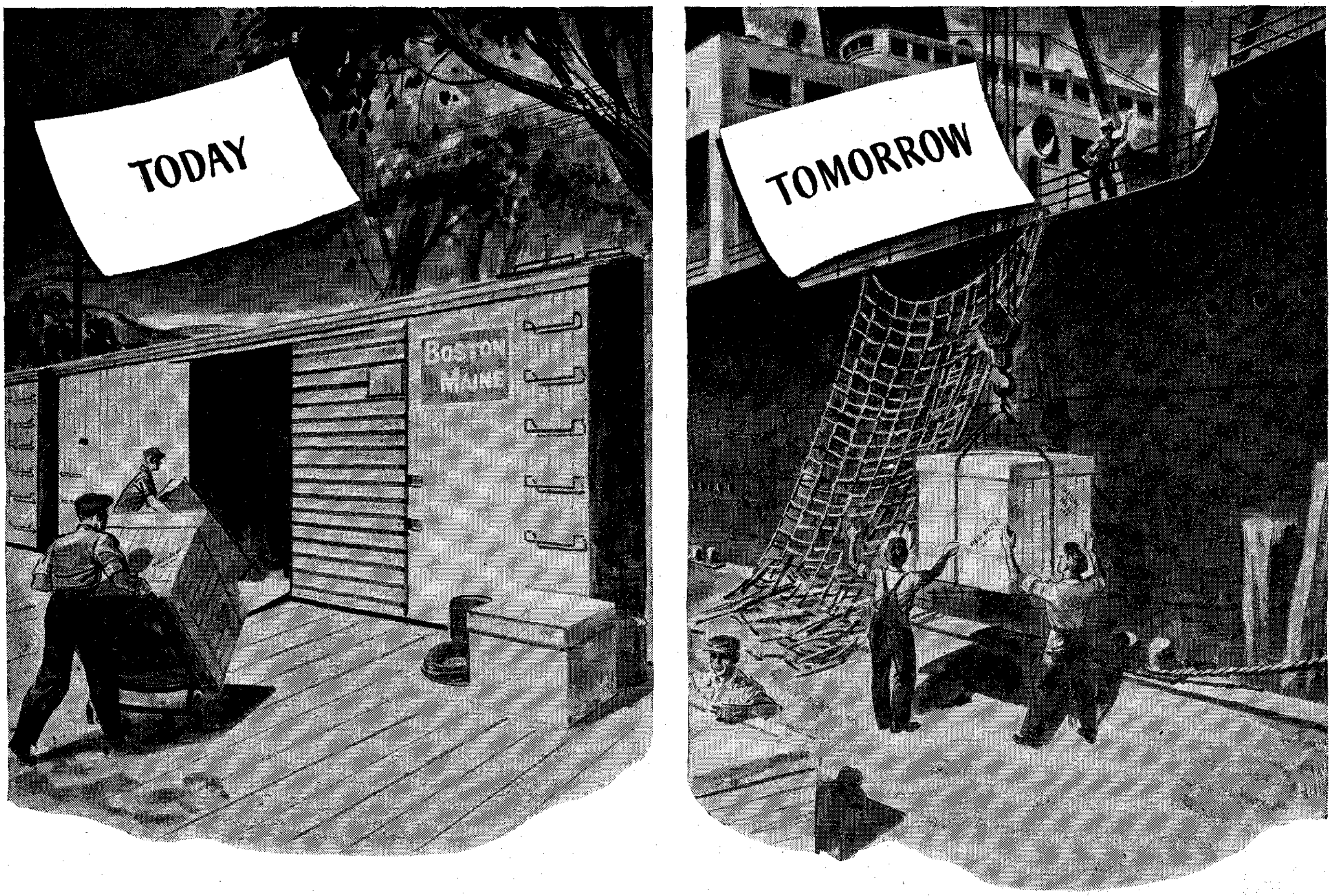
GOING OUT OF BUSINESS
THIS IS IT!
EVERYTHING MUST GO!
WE GIVE UP!
EVERY ITEM SOLD AT LOSS
cobean



Mr. Traffic Manager . . .

Could you promise delivery ship side tomorrow from your present location? In the postwar scramble for goods—and ocean cargo space—ability to meet sailing dates is going to be important.

If your loading platforms are located in Northern New England, your shipments can be on export docks at Boston or Portland within a matter of hours.

Management will do well to consider a location in Northern New England. Here you'll find unusual advantages—an excellent supply of skilled labor; abundant power and water facilities; uncrowded opportunities for plant expansion; fast, modern transportation; and above all, healthful, pleasant living.

Boston and Maine knows Northern New England. Let us help you decide how important this strategically located area can be to you. Write E. F. Reed, Manager, Industrial Department, Boston and Maine Railroad, Boston 14, Mass.

BOSTON and MAINE

BOSTON and MAINE RAILROAD

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • MARTHA SCOTT • VICKI CUMMINGS
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH
in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
from JOHN HERSEY'S
Pulitzer Prize Winning Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell
EDWIN LESTER presents
The musical triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. Air-Conditioned Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"The Shuberts' new smash hit, is one of the finest theatrical productions ever staged in New York." —Walter Winchell
Dark of the Moon
A Dramatic Legend by
HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY
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"BRIGHT NEW MUSICAL HIT"—LIFE
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NANETTE FABRAY JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. AIR COND.
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BROCK PEMBERTON presents
THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
FRANK FAY in
"HARVEY"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

he said. "Maybe the next day. Maybe never." I began to sweat a little. "I'm trying to get out on a medical," the truck driver said. "I got water on the knee." He rolled up a trouser leg and showed what seemed to be an ordinary enough knee. "I got a cracked vertebrain," he said proudly. "It swells up every time I drink. Only I can't drink enough to keep it like that."

We waited another ten minutes, but no one else came out of the building. Then the corporal stood up and motioned to our group and the C.B.I. man to come along. The truck driver stayed where he was, looking disgusted. We followed the corporal down a company street. We met another formation, men carrying baggage and wearing gold discharge patches on their shirts. They looked very happy. I felt new and strange, the way I had felt my first day in the Army. The corporal led us inside a barracks at the end of the street. Another corporal handed us each a sheet, pillowcase, and blanket and told us to pick out bunks. About half the beds were taken. I chose one near the other end and began making it up. Now I felt all right again; everything seemed suddenly familiar and safe. This was something we had done many times before; there was nothing to worry about; we would be taken care of. Maybe it wouldn't be what we wanted, but the matter was already settled. There was nothing we could do about it. We made our beds, and then the tech sergeant asked the corporal what we were to do next. The corporal said we were free until eight o'clock the next morning. We said that our major had told us we were to be processed at once. "He ain't said nothing to me," the corporal replied. There was no answer to that.

We went back to our bunks. Mine was between the tech sergeant and the flier from the C.B.I. Beyond the sergeant was another of my group, a former radio operator in the Eighth Air Force. He was a short, sorrowful man. He immediately lay down and closed his eyes. "This is for me," he said. "Plenty of sack time." I asked the C.B.I. man if he was getting out on points and he said no, on age. He was forty-one and had been sent home from Burma because of combat fatigue. Now he wanted out. Next to him was another Air Forces man, a plump, happy sergeant who was busy copying names from one address book into another. He had been an Air Transport Command flight engineer and was getting out on points. The C.B.I. man asked what he was doing with the address books and he said, "I got married two weeks ago and I got to get rid of some of these names before the wife sees them."

We hung around the barracks until six o'clock, talking mostly about civilian clothes, and then went up to chow. There was one huge mess hall for all the dischargees and we had to buck an enormous chow line. We filed past K.P.s who were dishing out the food and then we sat down at long wooden tables. The food was good enough for the tech sergeant to go back for seconds. He returned with his tray full, looking surprised. "Hey, the K.P.s are P.W.s," he said. The radio operator asked how he knew and he said, "I asked for some meat in English and they just looked at me. Then I asked in German and one guy smiled and gave me two pieces." "Why, the dirty bastards," a Fourth Division man said. Everyone at the table seemed angry, as if we had somehow been cheated.

We finished the meal and filed out, leaving the dirty trays for the P.W.s. They were all tanned and certainly looked healthy. "This is just like Fort McClellan, Alabama," an infantryman behind me said. "We called it Prisoners' Paradise."

The radio operator and the tech sergeant were waiting outside with another sergeant from our outfit, a former N.Y.U. hurdler who had been known to the metropolitan press as the Violent Violet. We stood around for a while wondering what to do. The radio operator said that he wanted to phone a friend of his stationed on the post. He said that the man might be very near the separation center, but he didn't know where. They were good friends and used to shoot pool together, and the radio operator thought maybe they could get up a game in one of the recreation rooms. We walked around the post, but all the phones had signs on them saying they weren't to be used. The company streets were full of soldiers. There seemed to be shoulder patches from every outfit in the Army. Most of the men wore ribbons and most of the ribbons had one or more battle stars. Finally we ended up in front of a movie house and went in. The picture was all about James Cagney beating the hell out of the Japanese. You could tell which men in the audience had been in the Pacific from their loud and frequent comments. It was still light when we came out.

The radio operator went off to look for a phone he could use and the rest of us walked around a while and then went back to the barracks. More men had

LISTEN: SEPTEMBER 1, 1945 — THE 6TH ANNIVERSARY OF WAR IN EUROPE

A Friday. August 10. The 1343rd day of the Allied war with Japan.

7:30:00 a.m. EWT.

On the CBS air over WABC, New York, Arthur Godfrey is reporting the news. Nothing to match the story of the bombs that just vaporized Hiroshima and Nagasaki: not news to match Russia's entrance into the Pacific war. Godfrey concludes, goes back to his normal kidding...

7:36:30.

A joke dies half spoken on the air. Allan Jackson cuts in to read a UP flash: *Tokyo radio says Japan will accept the Potsdam ultimatum if the prerogatives of the Emperor are not compromised.*

For four days to come, the news swirls through U.S. radio homes. Now there is peace—but now there isn't.

★

Now it's Tuesday evening, August 14, and the nation's nerves are raw.

6:16:20 p.m. EWT.

Edwin C. Hill is on the air, speaking pretty bitterly about Hirohito. In the CBS news room Robert Trout sits within reach of a portable mike, near a news ticker, where he's sat the best part of five days. Paul White, news director, reads teletype ribbons and gives terse orders. Two CBS camera men and lean, blond Toni Frissell clamber around popping flash bulbs...

Down the hall from our Shortwave Listening Station races a girl to tell Paul White we've just caught a BBC broadcast stating that an important announcement will be made at 2300 Greenwich Time, 43 minutes from now. White hands the bulletin to Hill; he then wigwags through the window of his News Director's office to Henry Wefing to get on the BBC wire-and-shortwave circuit. Wefing punches a BBC button on White's desk—and from the loudspeaker on the wall hears BBC repeat: "*...important announcement... 2300...*"

Wefing punches another button, this time direct to CBS London. "Hello, London, hello, London," he says. The speaker replies, "Hello, CBS."

WEFING: Who's this?

MURROW: Ed Murrow. At least I think it is. Hello, Henry. The Prime Minister will broadcast from No. 10 Downing Street at 7 your time.

Wefing says okay, we'll take it right off the BBC circuit.

6:45:15.

The regular CBS world-news roundup is on the air. It reports that President Truman is now holding a press conference at the White House—including Bill Henry and Lee Vickers of CBS. Two minutes before the BBC is due a hush falls over the news room. You can hear the death rattle of a war.

Here it comes:

7:00:00.

On the third stroke of Big Ben the network brings in the BBC. In the news room a phone blasts on the wall near the AP and OWI tickers. Six people dive for it; White wins; it is the special direct White House line installed yesterday. In Washington Lee Vickers says: "EARLE BUILDING FULL SURRENDER"—four prearranged code words.

7:00:55.

White waves frantically at Trout, who seizes the microphone and says—over 155 CBS stations—

"*President Truman has just announced the full acceptance by the Japanese Government of the Allied surrender terms!*" He reads the UP flash torn off the nearby teletype. He reads a bulletin on Attlee's statement (which is still going on). He reports that MacArthur is to take supreme command of Allied occupation in Japan. Nearly 21 million families are listening.

7:03:12.

The network switches to the CBS mobile transmitter in Lafayette Park across from the White House, where Bill Henry (apparently jet propelled across Pennsylvania Avenue) is already on the air ready to quote Truman verbatim. At 7:07 he concludes. The National Anthem brings everybody up standing and mute. Meanwhile, Attlee has been recorded, and his speech goes on the CBS air at 7:09, followed by *God Save the King.*

Trout resumes at the mike, takes us round the world. Webley Edwards in Guam says the first news flashed by Navy radio on Guam was: "CBS says it's official!" We hear Manila, Hollywood, San Francisco, Times Square. "Hey, soldier," says Jimmy Mathews in Hollywood, "—what are you going to do in civilian life?" SOLDIER: "Git me a loud tweed suit and a bow tie, and one o' them radio-jumpin' jobs like you got." That breaks the tension.

9:00:00.

Monsignor Shea, Rev. Frederick B. Harris, Dr. John W. Suter and Rabbi Norman Gerstenfeld utter prayers of thanksgiving. Once more the magic carpet of radio takes off round the nation and the world, for news and "reaction." Until 3 a.m. Wednesday we measure the length, breadth and thickness of victory...

★

Almost 112 hours have passed since Tokyo's first bleat last Friday morning. If you stayed with CBS you went abroad 77 times, to 10 points from London to Chungking. You heard 514 separate reports and analyses by 32 CBS correspondents and analysts. Trout, for instance, was on the air 58 times; Jackson 39; John Daly 28.

There, compressed and far too meagre, is the outline of how you heard, almost instantly, the news of the most concentrated climax in history.

★

Radio emerges into peace accepted round the world as a penetrating and durable medium by which men's minds and hearts communicate. It has proven its almost atomic power for good. Such power creates an unconditional responsibility. Long before war broke out in Europe, back before Munich and Prague and Godesberg, CBS accepted this responsibility, lived with it, practised it.

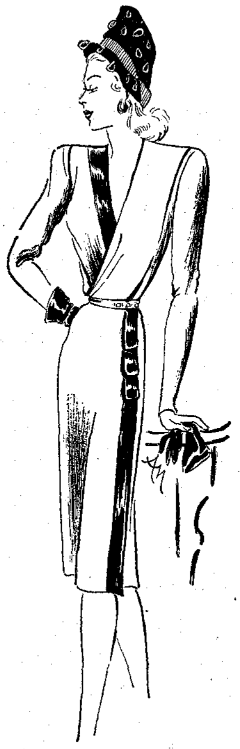
In the sobering tasks of peace, as well as in its happier moods and opportunities, we shall continue to accept this responsibility, live with it, practise it. All the zeal and skills of CBS are pledged to the task.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM



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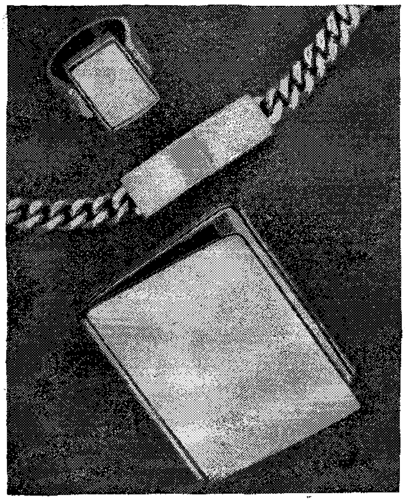

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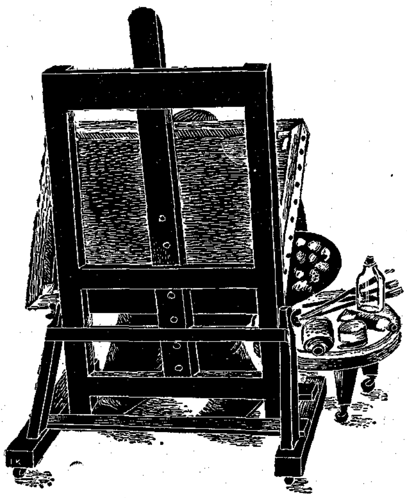
arrived and all the bunks were taken. I lay down and tried to read, but I was too nervous. The man from the C.B.I. fell asleep right away, and snored loudly. A poker game was operating across the aisle, and there was a loud argument in a corner about how to run Japan. One man kept saying, "Do you know where Japanese people come from?" The other kept saying, "Sure, from other Japanese people." Then the first man would shout, "That's not what I mean! That's not what I mean!" Finally, I undressed and climbed into bed. A corporal came in at eleven and turned off the lights, but the card game continued by the light from the latrine.

WE were awakened at six by the sound of an alarm clock coming in over the public-address system. The ringing was followed by a voice saying, "Let's go, men." Our corporal announced that we were to sweep and mop under the beds. I got out of bed and stood in line at the latrine to wash and then poked a broom under my bunk a couple of times. I stood in line again with my group for breakfast and then returned to the barracks. At five minutes to eight an amplified voice announced, "New rosters are now posted." Everyone dashed for the bulletin board near the mess hall. A mob was already around the board, examining the mimeographed sheets tacked there. Each sheet had a number and the names of some thirty men on it. The men were shoving to get at the board. "We better be on that thing," the tech sergeant said. It was impossible to fight through the crowd, so the Violent Violet went around behind the board, slipped underneath, and came up in front of it. He nearly got slugged by the man he came up ahead of, but he found our names. We were all on one roster or another. The tech sergeant and I were on the same one; we'd be put through the next afternoon. This seemed fairly positive, but we all knew the Army well enough not to believe anything until it had happened. While we were standing there, one of the camp's permanent-party sergeants came up and shouted that all men on twelve of the rosters, one of which was mine, were to go to the movie house at once. Everyone in these groups immediately rushed off. I never saw soldiers more anxious to get somewhere.

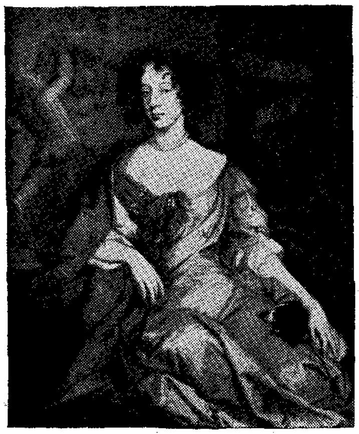
The theatre was half full when I got there and I took a seat in the rear. The audience was very orderly; even when the theatre was full and no one had appeared on the stage, the men were quiet, not talking much and not moving at all. Presently a young first lieutenant came out on the stage. He greeted us and then explained the workings of the separation center. This in itself was radical, since the Army custom is never to tell you anything. The lieutenant spoke quietly and courteously, and he didn't talk down. When he had finished, he introduced a chaplain. The chaplain was a tall, rather heavy man with glasses and an evangelical delivery reminiscent of W. C. Fields. He spoke very man-to-man. His speech made three points: Take it easy, have confidence in God, and help build a better America. It was very effective and the audience loved it and gave him a terrific hand. I thought he might do an encore, but he just marched up the aisle and out the door. The lieutenant said there would be a ten-minute break and then another lecture. A few men walked out for a smoke, but most of them waited quietly in their seats.

The next talk was delivered by a young Negro lieutenant. He spoke about veterans' rights, the benefits we had coming to us, and what we were supposed to do after we got out, such as reporting to our draft board within ten days. He went over big, too. I think even a general would have gone over big with that audience. It was unlike any G.I. audience I had ever seen before. The men devoured every word; they were extra-alert and super-polite. If a man coughed, he covered up. If a man rustled, his neighbors shushed him. When the lieutenant showed some fuzzy slides, the men sat quiet and attentive, though they couldn't make out a thing. It was as if they didn't quite believe their good fortune and any false move might upset it. They didn't even ask questions, probably because they were afraid they might break the spell. At the end, when the lieutenant asked if they understood what he



Fine Coffee...

Wherever fine living is a treasured tradition



We of the English tongue have enjoyed coffee in our homes for less than three centuries. Perhaps Lady Roger Twysden served some of the first of this delicious new "cophee" to the great Sir Peter Lely when he painted her portrait. For it was then that the popularity of this sovereign beverage began to grow and to inspire such celebrated goldsmiths and silversmiths as Humphrey Payne, whose lovely coffeepot shown below bears these hallmarks. Then, as it is now, fine coffee was a hallmark of fine living.

Today, coffeepots of Humphrey Payne's superb craftsmanship are hallmarks of hospitality in fine American homes. But today, Mrs. W. Mahlon Dickerson, a volunteer worker in the Servicemen's Lounge maintained in the Pennsylvania Station by the Travelers Aid Society of New York, serves her guests coffee unequalled in Lady Roger Twysden's time . . . Yuban Coffee . . . coffee that was once the private blend of America's greatest coffee merchant who, commanding the world's sources of supply, created this truly incomparable blend. Renowned for its distinctive character, its fine flavor, and rich aroma, Yuban has been known as "the guest coffee" for generations.

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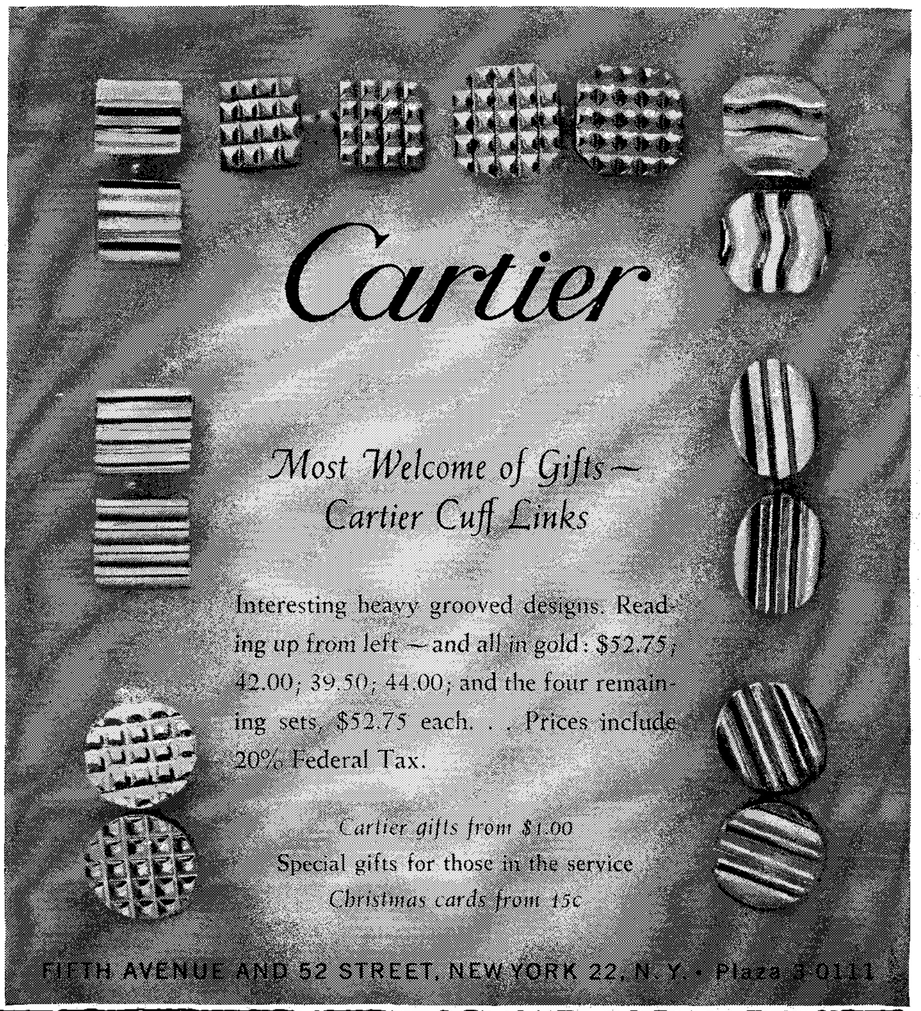

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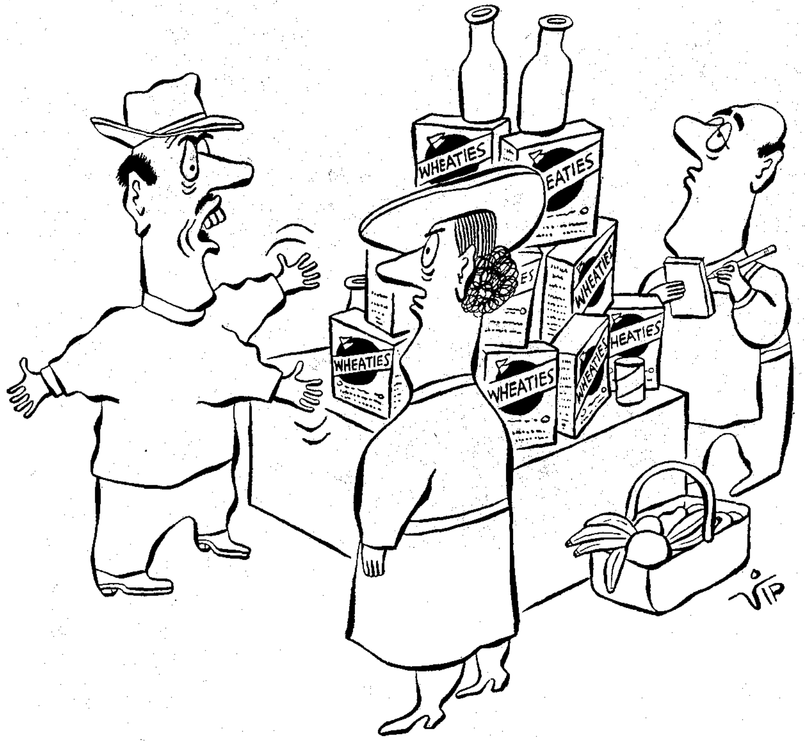


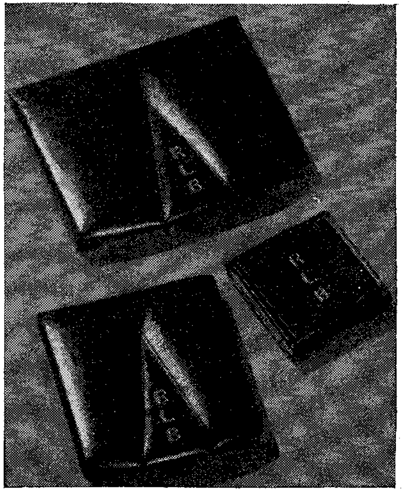
"But after all, I've only got three arms!"

Advertisement: Better get the new Extra-Big-Pak. *Signed,* General Mills, Inc.

had been saying, everyone nodded very quickly and said yes.

We were dismissed then, and went to chow. Afterward, I returned to my barracks. The C.B.I. flier was there, lying on his bunk. He said he wasn't on a roster; he didn't know why, but he sure was sweating. The A.T.C. man was on the roster to be processed just ahead of mine. He was sitting on his bed, reading a newspaper. "I'm heading for the Marshall Islands when I get out," he said. "They use fishhooks for money and I got a potful of them at home." At two o'clock the voice on the amplifier came again, ordering men on the rosters to form by the bulletin board and proceed from there to "counselling," where we would be individually briefed for civilian life. Everyone rushed right over. The permanent-party guide who took charge of the men on my roster called the roll and then led us down a company street to a barracks. We went in one by one, as our names were called. The barracks had been partitioned off by tin sheeting into a series of cubbyholes. In the one to which I was directed, a corporal sat at a table with my service record and other papers. He rose when I entered and offered me a chair. He was serious and very polite. He offered me a cigarette and asked if the chair was comfortable. Then he filled out Form 100, which is designed to tell a prospective employer what the veteran did in the Army and what his special skills are. He filled it out with great care, asking the questions apologetically, as if he thought it was none of his business. "I want to give you a good buildup here," he kept saying. When he finished, he asked if I had any questions, and we talked for a while about converting G.I. insurance. He was very helpful and seemed completely informed. When I got up to go, we shook hands and he wished me luck.

Our guide outside said that our group was through for the day. I walked back to the barracks alone. The man from the C.B.I. was still there, and still not on a roster. He looked unhappy. The radio operator was also there, brooding about his telephone call. "Nobody lets me use the telephone," he said. "I have a friend half a mile away and I can't even get in touch with him. What kind of a mockery is this?" He had borrowed a baseball and a couple of gloves from Special Services and the two of us went outside and threw the ball around. It was a nice afternoon and we took off our shirts and worked out in the sun. I felt easy and relaxed. It was good to get out of the Army this way, doing fa-



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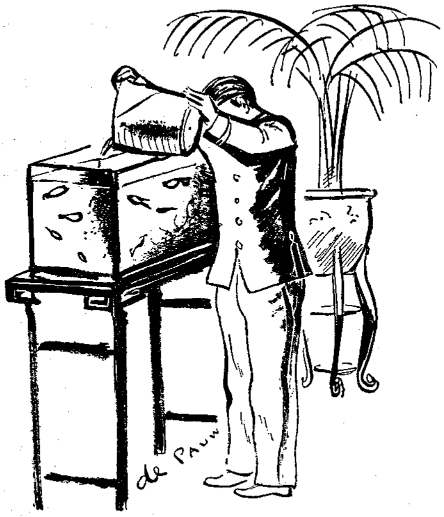
were in a hurry and rushed us through, but one captain kept the ex-hurdler standing before him until he remembered to say "sir." Most of the men were, surprisingly, not angry when they heard about this. They were mainly disgusted, and some even felt sorry for the captain. "He must feel awful miserable inside to do a thing like that," said a combat infantryman.

The physical was over in time for lunch, which was made memorable by the presence in the chow line of a one-star general. Nobody knew who he was, but we were all suspicious. "He must be a politician," a Fifteenth Air Force man said. After chow we returned to the barracks, stripped our beds, and handed the linen to a corporal. The C.B.I. man came in. We looked at him and he shook his head and climbed into his bunk. I sat on my bedsprings and waited for my roster to be called again. I couldn't sit still, so I got up and walked around. The naked bed was frightening; I had the feeling of having burned a bridge behind me. At one o'clock the loudspeaker called a list of rosters and said that the men on them should fall out with their baggage. Our guide led our group to a barracks; we filed in silently and stood before a long counter. A sergeant read out our names and handed us folders containing our records. He went down the line and showed us where to sign. We scribbled our names and filed out, stopping at the door to put our fingerprints on our discharge certificates. The guide called us together and marched us to a warehouse, where our baggage was inspected to make sure that we weren't getting away with anything. In a little annex, soldiers were sitting at sewing machines. We took off our shirts and they sewed discharge patches over the right pockets. We put on our shirts, and the guide told us to collect our baggage and follow him. "I guess we're out," the tech sergeant said.

We checked our baggage in a tent and were marched to the finance office, in another building. We waited there half an hour, sitting stiff and anxious on hard wooden benches. A private from the permanent party came in and walked up and down, asking if we had any cigarette ration cards we wanted to sell. "Get out of here, you chiselling bastard," a platoon sergeant said. A corporal came in and began reading off names. I heard mine and got up, signed a payroll at a desk, and went on to a cashier's window, where I was handed the pay due me for that month, less insurance and allotments, and a hundred dollars of my mustering-out pay. The balance of my mustering-out pay, two hundred dollars, would be paid later, in two monthly installments. The cashier also handed me the little gold button to wear in the lapel of my civilian suit.

There was no pause after that; it was all downhill now. We lined up outside and marched off to the chapel, a simple white wooden building across the street from where we had reported when we reached Fort Dix. None of us were wearing ties, because it was a warm afternoon, but the guide told us to put them on. Then we marched into the chapel, like schoolboys at a graduation, went down the center aisle, and filed self-consciously into the pews. The chaplain was seated at the altar. Beside him, like an important visiting alumnus, was a fat lieutenant colonel. Next to the lieutenant colonel was a private with a handful of large manila envelopes. The doors were closed after we had all been seated. The chaplain waited for absolute quiet, then rose. We rose with him, and he said a prayer. We sat, and the chaplain waited again for quiet. Then he nodded to the colonel, who stood up and began to talk. An organ started to play softly, making a bed for his words. The colonel told us what an honor it was to have served and how proud we should be. The men were attentive, but now there was an edge of impatience to their interest. After a while I couldn't listen to the colonel any longer. The chapel windows were open and I looked out, seeing the tops of barracks and, beyond them, the tops of green trees. I could hear the summer noises, the birds and the light wind and the faint, clear sound of a ball smacking into a glove. The organ was playing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." A puff of wind came in the window, bringing the warm



miliar things. There was a roundness to it; it would not have been the same just to be handed a piece of paper in the field or in a city and told you were out. I think all the men felt this and it was one reason everyone was so pleasant to everyone else. You could afford to be pleasant. While the radio operator and I were outside, the loudspeaker announced that a certain sergeant was missing from a formation and that he'd better get his tail up there if he wanted his discharge. This immediately became the concern of everyone around the barracks. We all stopped what we were doing and hunted for the man, and we all worried because we couldn't find him.

The other men in my group returned from counselling later in the afternoon, just before chow time. After chow we all went to another movie and after that to a live musical across the way in an open-air theatre. But we were too restless, and we walked out on the lyric soprano. The tech sergeant said there were boxing bouts at the gymnasium, so we went over there. The bouts were terrible, but it didn't matter. The air was light with excitement; everything looked good. We stopped at the PX for a coke and it was like a night club. There is a feeling of excitement in all casual centers that comes from the feeling of transience and the tension of change. But here it was festive, combined with happiness and a sense of approaching freedom. You had the feeling that shortly there would be nothing you could not do, no place you could not visit, no words you could not say. The effect was like alcohol, as sharp and no doubt as illusory.

THE lights were already out at the barracks when we got back, but the poker game was hot and so was the argument about the Japanese. I slept without dreams, was awakened at six by the amplified alarm clock, washed, swept and mopped under the bed, went to breakfast, returned, and waited for an announcement. It came at eight; this time my roster was ordered to take its physical. We assembled by the bulletin board and a guide led us to another barracks. There we stripped and went down a long medical gantlet. The examination was quick and reasonably thorough. We were X-rayed, thumped, tapped, jabbed, wiggled, pounded, opened, and, of course, stuck with needles. "What do we have to do?" the tech sergeant said. "Give back all the shots we got?" Most of the doctors seemed to realize that we

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(red)

Cigarette of successful men and lovely women

smell of summer to the ceremony. The colonel was still talking, but it didn't matter what he said. Not even a colonel could spoil what was happening. Finally he stopped and the private stepped forward and began to read out names. Mine finally arrived and I got up, walked down the aisle to where the colonel was standing, saluted, took the envelope containing my discharge certificate from the private, shook hands with the colonel, saluted again, and walked out the door.

I waited for the other men from my outfit, and we went back to the tent for our baggage. Then we walked up the road toward the gate of the camp. A formation of new men passed, white tags fluttering from their shirts. They waved to us and we waved back. "Wonder what happened to that guy from the C.B.I.," the tech sergeant said. Nobody knew. We walked for a while in silence and then the ex-hurdler said, "You know, I feel just the same." But he didn't. None of us felt the same. I knew that something very important had happened to me, but I didn't know exactly when or where it had happened. This bothered me for a while and then I gave it up. I thought about getting out of uniform and realized that I would have to buy new clothes. None of my old clothes would fit me after four and a half years.

—WALTER BERNSTEIN

•

The phlegmatic type of woman seldom has a good figure. Nor has the retiring, introspective type. Women with secrets have the worst figures of all.—*From "The Model," by William Mortenson.*

A lot *they* care.

•

Zoological Park, 3001 Conn. Ave., NW., open 6 AM-7 PM daily.... Animal feeding time: Lions, tigers 11:30 AM; monkeys, penguins 2 PM; bears, sea lions 3 PM. Restaurant open 9-5 PM. 1000 specimens.—*From a pamphlet about Washington.*

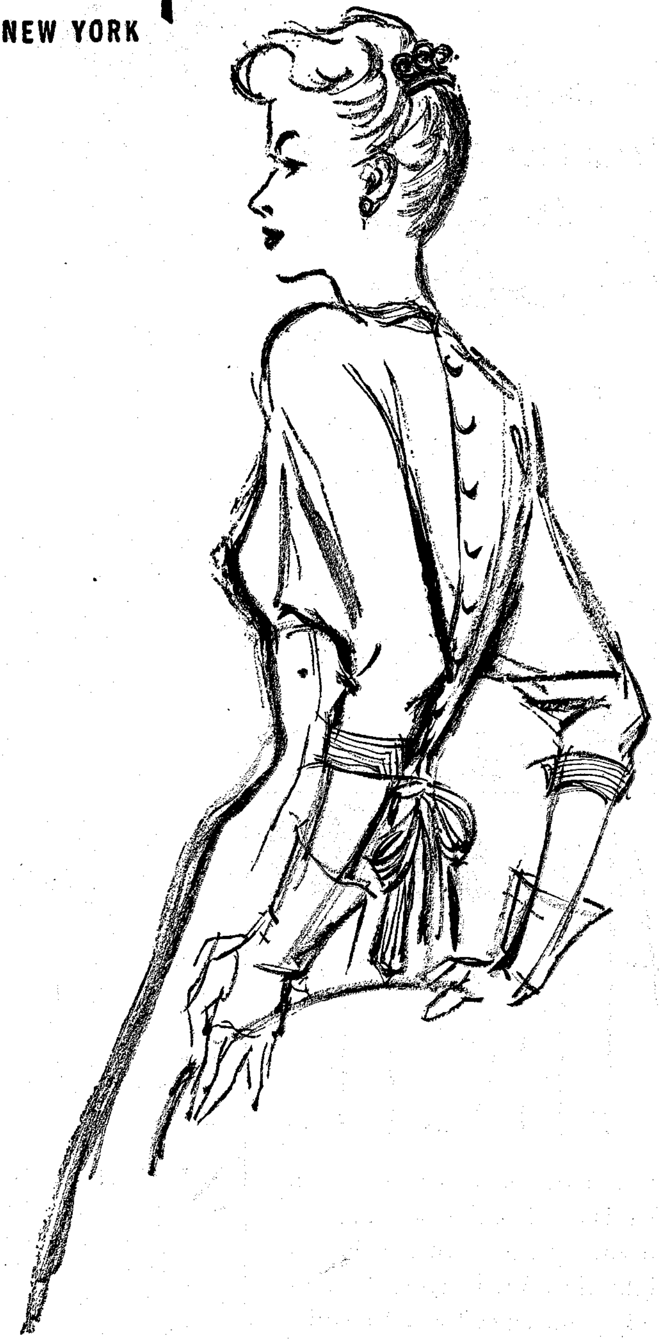
You needn't get sassy!

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "You're Only Human Once," by Grace Moore*]

I had come to this rather than stay one more minute in that awful house where we had been lodged, and where no one spoke during the meals except the domineering mother, who took me out and showed me every tree and bush and flower on the place, and where the henpecked sister took pills constantly and never opened her mouth the whole time we were there.



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Young Second Floor

The Starlight Roof
DINNER AND SUPPER
George Olsen
and his Orchestra
•
AT SUPPER
Jane Pickens
Hermanos Williams Trio
Bob DuPont
•
Mischa Borr
and his Orchestra alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $1;
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(No cover charge for Service Men and Women in Uniform)
SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
MISCHA BORR
and his Orchestra (no cover)
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A pure, delicious confection that is rich in enjoyment . . . rich in energy . . . varied in its delightful assorted flavors. Famous in England since 1860. A favorite in America.
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THE RACE TRACK

Cup Horse

REGARDLESS of how you feel about the result of the Saratoga Cup at Belmont last Saturday, you must admit that Stymie, who won it, is a hard-working horse. Since he was acquired by Hirsch Jacobs for $1,500 in the spring of 1943, he has started sixty-eight times—twenty-eight times as a two-year-old, twenty-nine at three, and eleven so far this season. While that is not a record (if memory serves, a horse named Bottle Imp staggered through forty-four races in one year), Stymie deserves a high rating in the Durability Stakes. Nevertheless, he hasn't the spark of greatness that Equipoise, Twenty Grand, and Exterminator, my favorite Cup winners, had. This is Stymie's best year: he has won five sweepstakes, finished second in four, and earned $126,110. Inasmuch as the other handicap horses are no great shakes, there's no guessing how much more he's going to win. I must say, too, that Jacobs handles him well. It seemed to me, when Stymie finished out of the money in the Saratoga Handicap two weeks ago, that he had had too much racing, but he came out for the Cup looking marvellously fit and bouncing with energy. Lots of bemused horseplayers are still wondering why they insisted on backing Olympic Zenith, Bankrupt, and Eurasian, the other starters.

NOTHING seems more difficult than picking the winner of some of those scrambles of a score or more two-year-olds over the Widener Course, of which there have been an unusual number during the Saratoga meeting. However, the stakes races, which have brought out much smaller fields, have been just as unpredictable. Air Hero, who, you may recall, won the United States Hotel Stakes, let his backers down badly on Saturday in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, won by Manipur. I thought that the best, as well as the best-looking, colt in the race was Star Pilot, who finished second, after being so far behind for a while that I fancied he had got lost in the thick fog that was covering the course at the moment. Bad luck troubled the choices for the Spinaway, earlier in the week. Both Bridal

"I'll take popcorn!" he cried
WE RECENTLY found ourself in one of those pleasant, pointless discussions which occur after a fine dinner.
It grew out of a recital of favorite delicacies—the kind you simply couldn't resist, once you had embarked upon their consumption. My friend picked popcorn—*hot, buttered* popcorn—as the thing he couldn't stop eating. Not to save his life.
When he had extolled its virtues, we sat back and said, "Ever happen on a *perfect* wedge of golden, creamy Military Brand Camembert?" He said, "Yes, but—" We went on. "Ever cut, slowly and with relish, through its rich and mellow crust—and sniff that heavenly aroma which arises?" Again he said, "Yes—"
"But," we resumed, "did you ever spread this creamy-smooth, gloriously flavorful heart of Camembert on a toasted cracker and nibble it slowly—inhaling as you ate?"
That did it. Memory gripped him in a vise. "Gimme some!", he cried in a dreadful voice. "Gimme some or I'll kill you!"
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Flower and Best Dress were away badly, and Mush Mush and Boojie drew positions next to the rail, where the going seemed to be extra deep, and they merely flogged along.

The Belmont courses were, as it happened, never faster. Greek Warrior ran the fastest race of the meeting over the main course the other afternoon. He did the seven furlongs of the American Legion Handicap in 1:22⅕. Diogenes Checkpoints thinks that somebody must have sprinkled U-235 on the track.

I SUPPOSE that something ought to be said about the jumping races at Belmont, now that the stewards have suspended a jockey, James Penrod, for what they called an unsatisfactory ride. The kindest thing I can say is that the renovated steeplechase course is excellent and the hurdles course is no worse than it ever was, and that lots of horses ran and fewer fell than usual. The unkindest, to pass along a tale that is going the rounds of the paddock, is that the night before the Barometer, the race that resulted in Penrod's suspension, a steeplechase trainer thoughtfully remarked to a man who had a horse in the race, "I wouldn't bet on yours tomorrow if I were you" and then indicated what horse would win. In case you didn't see the Barometer, something named Similar, who was ridden by Penrod, led by lengths into the stretch but suddenly slowed up and was beaten by Picture Prince, the heavily backed favorite. Several oldsters who watched the Barometer remarked that what New York racing needs is a Sitting Bull Bush. As you probably never heard, Charlie Sitting Bull Bush was a forthright character who once managed the Fair Grounds track, in New Orleans. After noticing some peculiar goings on in a steeplechase one afternoon in the winter of 1900, Bush ordered his staff to tear down every fence on the course. There's never been a jumping race at the Fair Grounds since.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

SUMMER
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the broad shoulders!
Lighted with three
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jewels. Of rayon crepe.
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—*From an adv. in the News.*

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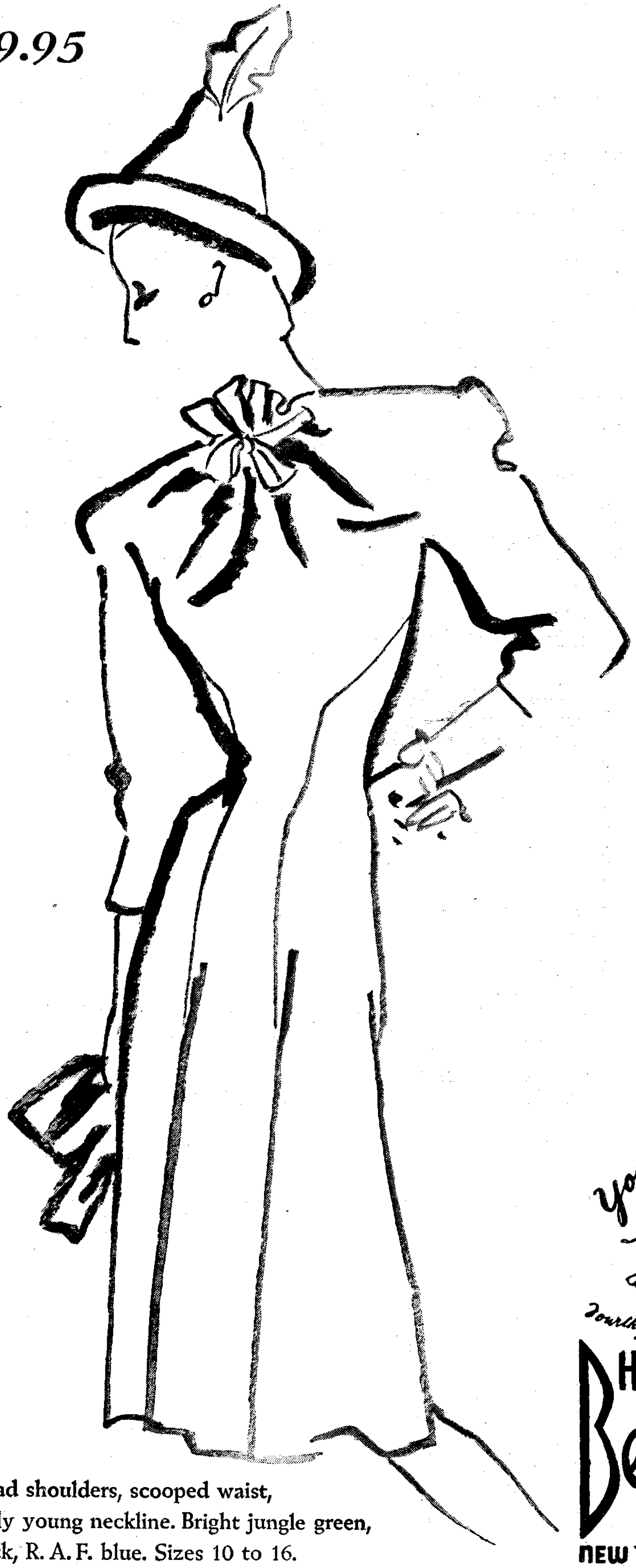

Broad shoulders, scooped waist, ruffly young neckline. Bright jungle green, black, R. A. F. blue. Sizes 10 to 16.

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Fourth Floor
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NEW YORK 19 NY

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

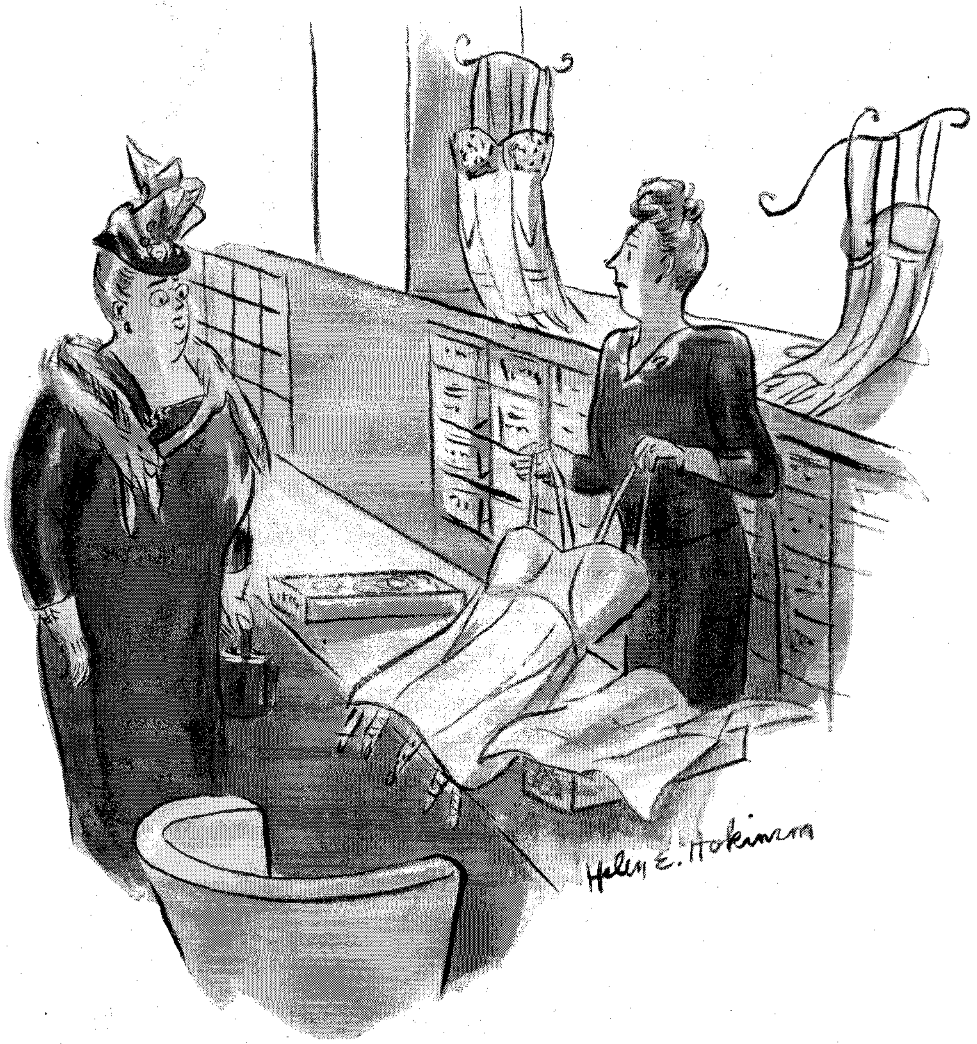
ABOUT THE HOUSE

IT is pleasant to be able to report that stocks are such that you can order to your heart's content from that satisfying collection of matching wallpapers and printed-cotton decorating fabrics at A. L. Diament, 34 East 53rd Street. All of the old patterns are on hand again, in almost all of the good old colorings and a few new ones. Andorra, a toile design of the sort that people love for stair halls and country dining rooms, is there in an array of colors on your choice of brick, mustard, olive, and pale-blue backgrounds. The one called Peacock is splashes of dahlialike flowers and foliage and fan-tailed birds on grounds of plum, taupe, and peacock blue as well as plain white. Lourdes, to be used, I should say, in small doses (above a dado, for instance, or in panels), has serpentine vertical floral garlands, lacily drawn, in such combinations as strong red and blue, green and rose, and blue and raspberry. You may recognize Provençal, which is rows of stiff carnation garlands in formal vertical stripes, as the pattern which, in wallpaper, curtains, and slipcovers, made one of the rooms in Macy's Guilford House such an attractive spot during the last year of its life (Guilford House, a war casualty, came to an untimely end this season). Diament is showing Provençal in the coloring Macy's decorators especially liked—a fine, subtle mingling of dirty yellows and greens—as well as in blues and greens on mustard, and the still splendid original combination of dark red with touches of blue, green, and mustard, on sand or on pale blue. There are conventional chintzy patterns in the group, too, and chinoiserie effects that achieve varying degrees of formality. Prices ascend (not very far) from $2.50 a yard for the cottons and $4 a roll for the papers.

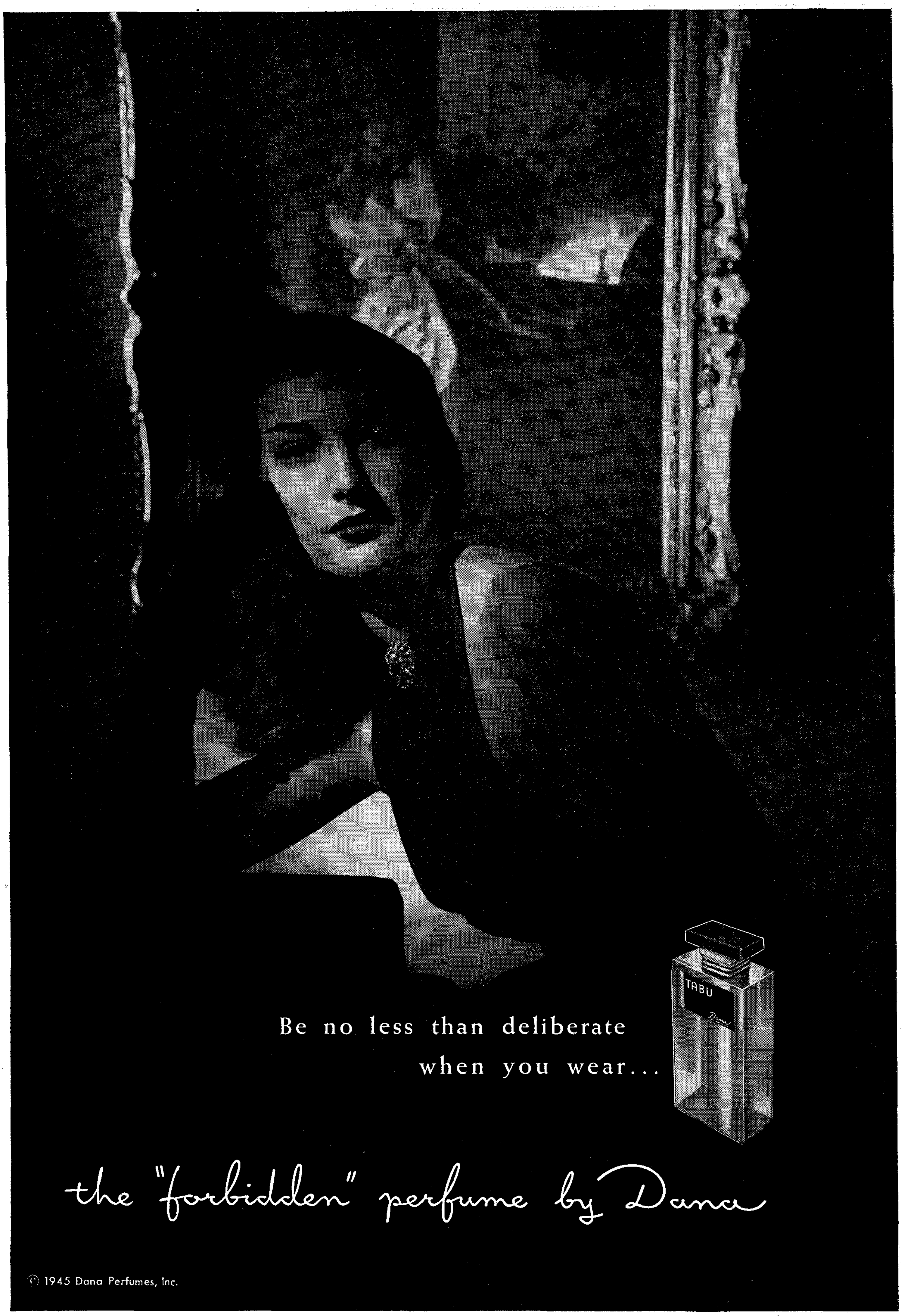
Also on view at Diament: An assortment of useful household objects in tin and iron, painted with flowery decorations like those on old tôle trays. Coal scuttles dressed up this way make wastebaskets, and the bigger ones can even serve as log and kindling holders for the hearth. They're $18. Tall tin pitchers do nicely as flower vases and mantel decorations, and there's a collection of serving trays, made from old iron baking and roasting pans, that are not as heavy as you might think and that balance perfectly.

AT Macy, a new shop called the Boudoir Bandbox has been erected to glorify the upholstered bed headboard, a contrivance which, simply by standing upon its own two feet at the wall end of an ordinary box spring supported upon a footed base, turns it into a quite luxurious-looking bed. The Boudoir Bandbox, which is really a showcase for Macy's ambitious new upholstered-headboard department (Over Thirty—count them—Different Styles; from $34.50, in muslin), occupies the ninth-floor site of the late Guilford House. A poster on the premises says that all the stuff on view in this new shop is in stock, which is fine to know, since quite a lot of it seems worth owning as well as looking at. I especially admired a little grouping that is supposed to suggest a treatment for a bedroom. This one is built up around one of the simpler headboards—a plain, square shape, upholstered in horse-blanket-plaid wool and deeply tufted like a Victorian sofa. The customary box-spring-on-a-stand has been pushed up against this, and the resulting bed has been covered with a spread of the horse-blanket plaid. This reaches the floor all around and would be handy as an extra blanket on a chilly night. Alongside is a small round table, also swathed right down to the floor with a circular throw of the plaid, probably to prove that you can't, after all, have too much of a good thing. Nearby stands a small, three-section bookcase of Victorian aspect which may be had unpainted, or custom-ordered (as shown), in a black-lacquer finish with some of the most attractive découpage flower decorations I've seen this year.

Elsewhere on the ninth floor, you'll come upon another group of decorating displays, each representing a corner or a section of a room. They are like small, impressionistic stage sets and are full of decorating didos worked out by Macy. The ideas, I'd better tell you,



"But will reclaimed rubber hold me?"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the "forbidden" perfume by Dana

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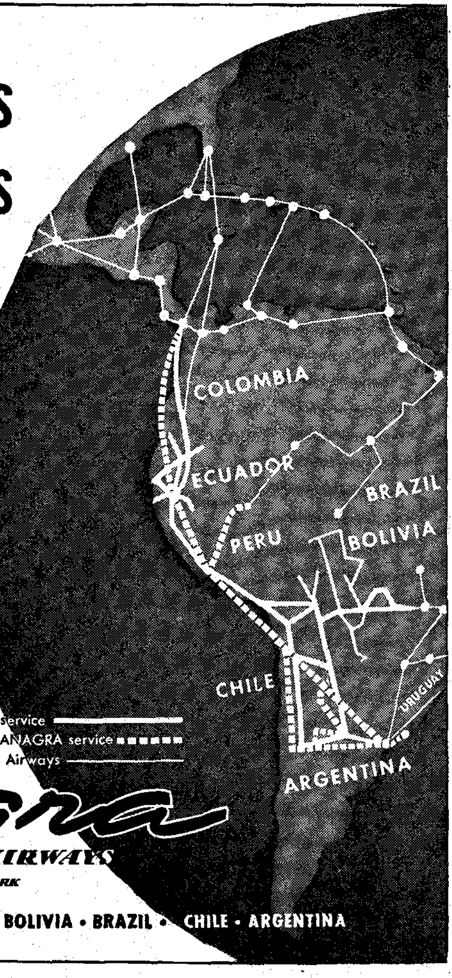

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Unexcelled for Daiquiri, Old Fashioned, Manhattan or Presidenté Cocktails; also ideal for Rum Collins, and other long drinks.

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This delicate rum is ideal for all Rum and Cola Drinks; also excellent for Swizzles, Planter's Punch, Hot Rum and general purposes.

New York *Colorado Springs* *Chicago*

are custom. There is a sewing armchair that looks like the needlewoman's dream: a roomy, deep-seated affair upholstered in checked taffeta, with a lidded, velvet-lined work bin let down into one broad arm. There is a pair of mother-and-daughter chairs, identical except for size, all done up in pink chambray with white eyelet-embroidery petticoat ruffles. For a sybaritic bathroom (and, for all anyone knows, sybarites may be coming back again), they've done up a spongy white terry-covered chair with bright-yellow tufting fringe. This is not to be lolled in when you're soaking wet, of course, but it should stand occasional contact with a damp carcass for a moment.

These are highlights in a decorating show which may sound spotty but has plenty of substance. While examining it, you can scarcely fail to notice that those great, floppy, useful square pillows which used to be seen only in Macy windows are now strewn all over the furniture floor (from about $2.50), indicating that enough people besides myself now have asked for the things to make Macy go into production.

TRIVIA: Lewis & Conger are fondest at the moment of a made-in-America pepper mill, handmade of hard wood in mahogany and natural finishes. The mechanism, it is claimed, is as good as the French ones you can't get right now. This is $3.50. L. & C. even have peppercorns, so it would seem that your troubles with salad and cottage-cheese dishes are over. . . . A newly hatched scale model of a butcher's chopping block may look like a toy, but it's handy for cutting up lemons, onions, and things; $1.25 at Edith Chapman, 168 East 33rd Street. . . . For harried and hurried friends of new mammas, the trays of baby presents at Alice Marks, 6 East 52nd Street, are lifesavers. Middling-elaborate packages, tied up with ribbon bows and cellophane and so beautiful that I don't see how anyone has the heart to open them up, contain painted wood trays loaded with hand-decorated glassware (an orange on the orange-juice cup, for instance), plastic cutlery, an embroidered bib, and so on; $15 complete. There are also both smaller and larger trays.

—B. B.

•

Enlisted men are cautioned that injury or death incurred while in civilian employment is not authorized by the War Department. —*Langley Field (Va.) Tail-spinner.*

That's a relief!

LETTER FROM LONDON

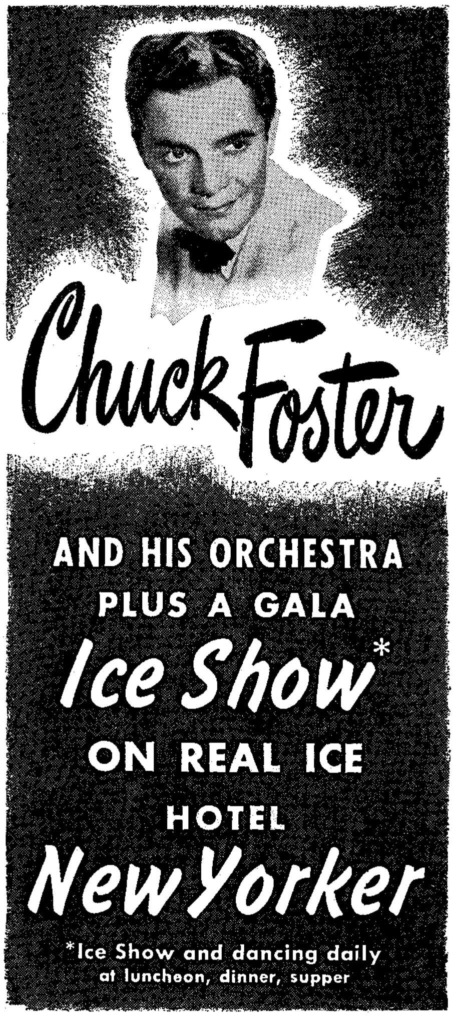
AUGUST 26 (BY CABLE)

"UNEASY" is probably the handiest word to sum up what most Britons have been feeling since V-J Day. Almost the only thing that they seem perfectly sure about now is that peace is going to be nearly as hard to survive as the war. Private enterprise is uneasily waiting to see whether, under the Labour Government, it is going to have its head taken off or merely undergo a little beneficial trepanning. The extreme Left is uneasy because the new Government, judging by its actions so far, doesn't seem to be a great deal different from the old one. The extreme Right, which had braced itself for Red ruin, is uneasy because Labour appears to be unsportingly and embarrassingly devoted at the moment to sweet moderation. The sudden termination by the United States of lend-lease, the great lifeline no one in this country is ever likely to forget, added to the general uneasiness and gave a lot of Englishmen the sensation that they had been plunged up to their necks in icy water. There is no doubt that with the end of lend-lease, stomachs and shops will be emptier this first peacetime winter than they were last year. The uncertainty at the moment is not limited to domestic problems. In England, as elsewhere, the shadow of atomic energy, that enormous potential Frankenstein monster, fell darkly across the victory flags and bunting and chillingly across most hearts. All the discussion here, all the denouncing or upholding by the bishops, and all the shocked or defensive letters to the press, are remarkably clear on one point—that now all people must finally vote for or against survival. It is a sobering thought with which to begin a peace.

IT has been many years since the attention of the British public has been so firmly fixed on the House of Commons. Both inside Westminster and out, people are studying the changed landscape carefully. It is hardly surprising that when anyone speaks of "the Prime Minister," nine out of ten Britons still automatically think of a cigar and a V sign. Even the millions who voted Labour into power may have to make a slight mental adjustment before they remember to picture Mr. Attlee's neat figure and shy, faunish smile over the caption. Naturally, it is too early for Attlee to have established a close relationship with the public, which considers him sound, sincere, and likable but scarcely spectacular in the old legend-producing Churchill way. Ernest Bevin is the member of the Government most likely to make anecdotal history. Bevin, credited by those in a position to know with the shrewdest, most agile brain in his party, has already convinced even his most reluctant admirers that he will shape up into a first-rate Foreign Secretary. Nevertheless, his moderate opening foreign-policy speech depressed some of the more impatient young Labour members, who apparently felt that they had scratched a Bevin and found an Eden.

Something new and dynamic is in the air, however, and Londoners fill the public gallery of the House every day, as though for some absorbing new drama. The central lobby is crowded with visitors who gawk hopefully at everyone in the hope of spotting one of the new celebrities. Those in the galleries jump to their feet and lean forward to try to identify the ministers as they come in. The House itself, which is full of new brooms, many of them youthful and all of them keen to start sweeping, has been packed during the recent debates. The Government benches are as jammed as the underground in the rush hour. Members overflow onto the leather seats at the end of the chamber, stand to listen, and do everything but sit on each other's knees. Looking down onto the floor of the House for the first time since the new Parliament assembled, one has the queer, momentary illusion that the scene is in reverse, as though seen in a mirror. It is still odd to see Attlee, Morrison, Bevin, and the others on the Government right-hand side of the chamber, their feet cocked in time-honored privilege on the table of the House, and their supporters behind them, while Churchill, Eden, and the rest of the surviving Tory faces are lined up on the Opposition left-hand benches.

The other afternoon, just as Mr. Dalton was to begin presenting his first financial survey as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Churchill came in and sat down, and a murmur ran around the visitors' galleries. Forgetting Mr. Dalton for a moment, everybody turned to look at the former Prime Minister, rather as people look at someone who



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"MY! MY!"

... chirped the old sea-dog

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"SUFFERIN' SEA-SERPENTS!" bellowed the Skipper . . . "I'd trade my compass for really *full-flavored* coffee." "It's a deal," said the Mate, quickly stirring up a cup of Nescafé . . . "Here, try this." The Skipper did . . . and chirped, "My! My!"

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So easy to prepare . . . no coffee maker to get ready or clean up . . . no mussy grounds around. A teaspoonful of Nescafé makes a cupful—for only about 1¢. No waste . . . you make exactly the amount you need—and just the strength you like.

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has just been through a serious illness. Judging by his form that afternoon, the spectators must have felt that he was making a pretty chipper convalescence. For a while, as he sat immobile, he appeared heavy and tired and his big head looked as though it was modelled in wax, but when he got up to speak, the voice, the spirit, and the occasional flashes of fun seemed as good as ever. One got the idea that Churchill had put the last chapter behind him and that he was actually enjoying being back in the place where perhaps he is spiritually the happiest and where, as the Government's Number 1 critic and watchful mentor, he did England invaluable service in the days when the Tories did not love him.

The Chancellor's speech, with its warning that nobody must expect much taxation relief in the Autumn Budget, was almost as discouraging to the public as the announcement, made a few minutes before by Sir Stafford Cripps, the President of the Board of Trade, that the new issue of clothing rationing coupons, due on September 1st, must last eight months instead of six, as in the past. Since the disconcertingly punctual termination of lend-lease, it is increasingly clear that everything will have to last longer and go further than was hoped when Labour was voted into power on the strength of its reconstruction program. The factories, which people hoped would soon be changing over to the production of goods for the shabby, short-of-everything home consumers are instead to produce goods for export. The Government will have to face up to the job of convincing the country that controls and hardships are as necessarily a part of a bankrupt peace as they were of a desperate war. Every inch of usable English soil will still have to be made to grow food. People are suddenly realizing that in the enormous economic blitz that has just begun, their problems may be as serious as in the blitz they so recently scraped through.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

For a whipped cream substitute, take a cup of light cream or "top of the bottle," combine with one of the whip cream mixes on the market, set bowl in cracked ice and water and beat contents with an egg beat-50 cents for each additional chair; milk companies must pay $5 more or more tanks must pay $50 more; fighting ships were delivered to the er until stiff.—*Boston Herald.*

That's the thing about substitutes—they're so much trouble.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

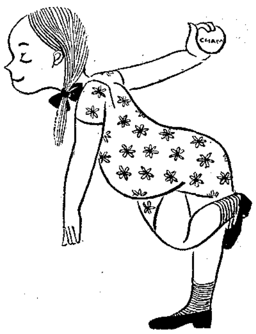
CUISINE FRANÇAISE: SUMMER, 1945

SOME weeks ago I found myself back in Paris for the first time since before the war, with a brief official job that was half French, half American and that thus concerned two sets of governmental sponsors. Both sets welcomed me, the day I arrived, to the best of their abilities. The French, in the Ministry at which I was to do my work, told me they were afraid I'd find Paris sadly changed from the old days, particularly the food, and gave me several sheets of food tickets to use in restaurants and grocery stores. The Americans, at the Embassy, gave me a different kind of food ticket: a card admitting me to an Army mess that feeds the Embassy people. "Of course you won't want to eat all your meals at the mess," the attaché who gave me the card said, "especially since you're not entitled to bring any guests. You'll be going to French restaurants with your friends. But don't lose the card. It's a rather handy thing to have, under present conditions."

It didn't take long to see what both the French and the Americans had meant by their remarks. That evening a couple of friends took me to dinner in a *bistro*, the kind of little place where before the war a meal would have cost fifty francs ($1.35) or so. It presented a shut-up aspect to the street, and we entered surreptitiously, by a side door. There were many diners but no menus. We were given cold ham, lobster, strawberries, and wine, and the waiter asked for no food tickets and brought back no change from the three thousand-franc notes my friends gave him. Sixty dollars!

The situation became even clearer next morning, when I had breakfast at the Ritz. Not on the Place Vendôme side, which has been requisitioned by the American Army, but on the Rue Cambon side, where French civilians still live. I'd been given a room there my first night in Paris at the request of my French Ministry. Breakfast was brought in on an elegant little tray. It was a demitasse of ersatz coffee (without sugar or milk), a couple of pieces of brown bread, and a thimbleful of seedy jam, and it cost something over a dollar, plus *un ticket pour le pain, s'il vous plaît*. Later that morning, in the lobby, I ran into an American officer I knew and told him about it. He laughed. "I live on the Place Vendôme side," he said, "and for breakfast this morning we had real coffee, sugar, condensed milk, rolls, butter, marmalade, fried eggs, and bacon. It cost twenty-five francs—fifty cents—the same as any meal in our mess here, the same price you'll be paying for meals in *your* mess. The Ritz is a house divided these days. Just like all Paris, for that matter, as far as food is concerned. *Cuisine française*, such as it is now, and *cuisine américaine militaire*, and never the twain shall meet."

THE next couple of days, I ate at the mess, which was in the requisitioned Hôtel Wagram-Tuileries, on the Rue de Rivoli. The twenty-five-franc American Army meals were large and good. Then I thought I'd try a French restaurant for lunch, and for a number of reasons I chose the G——. I'd always enjoyed the vast menus of this establishment, and it was there, at a table in the ground-floor room, that I had once seen an unforgettable sight: before my fascinated eyes an American woman had put into her mouth a still-blazing forkful of *pêche flambée*, apparently in the touching belief that since it was served blazing it should be eaten so. I wondered whether I would still hear the echo of her prewar scream. Besides, I had no desire to go to the black-market kind of place my friends had taken me to my first evening. Lastly, I wanted to see how French people who didn't patronize the black market got along in restaurants. The G——, I had been told, was "almost legal." And so it turned out to be. There was a menu posted at the door, as required, with the prices of two or three legal meals clearly indicated on it, and I found when I'd finished my lunch of radishes, mackerel, asparagus, strawberries, and Chablis that I'd spent only three hundred and fifty francs, or seven dollars, and a bread ticket. But then, I'd been careful and had ordered neither of the equally legal "supplements," whose prices were also clearly marked on the menu: pâté de foie gras for five dollars and lobster for eight dollars. Then, too, not being known to the management, I hadn't even been offered another supplement, which was apparently less legal. This



"COO,"
cooed Lady Twitcherly,

"The man should be knighted!"

Lady Twitcherly has spotted a genuine accomplishment . . . not just 'another cigarette'. The LONGFELLOW in her hand marks a *new era* in after-dinner smoking enjoyment. In over 400 years, there was no cigarette especially made for after-dinner smoking. At last, *this is it!* LONGFELLOWS are 5½ inches long . . . give you 20 minutes of smoking luxury, ideal for that don't-rush-me feeling after every good meal. But it's the choice, very costly, superbly-blended *tobaccos* that really make LONGFELLOWS the grandest smoking experience any diner ever had. Say . . . maybe Willoughby Taylor, who blended LONGFELLOWS, does rate Knighthood at that!

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ACTUAL SIZE

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Box of 100 . . $5
Box of 20 . . . $1

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Wilkes Barre, Pa

Name____________________

Address____________________

one wasn't mentioned on the menu, but I saw it on several tables: a platter of corned beef and cabbage. The man at the table next to mine, who had ordered both the foie gras and the lobster, ordered the corned beef and cabbage as well. I found myself, as I finished my Chablis, wondering what *his* bill would come to.

The next few days, I lunched or dined in a good many restaurants. One evening, in a tiny place near the Rond Point, the waiter asked if I wouldn't like a supplement of cheese. I said I would, and he brought me a bit of an obscure variety half the size of an American wedge. It came to a dollar on the bill. At Kardomah, the tearoom on the Rue de Rivoli, a hundred francs brought me a merry repast of boiled turnips, an artichoke, tea, and jam. At Rumpelmayer's, where I had a slender fish lunch, I was asked not only for the usual bread ticket but for a ticket for *matière grasse*—fat or oil—as well. Since my lunch had not included butter, oleomargarine, or salad oil, I asked what the ticket was for. "Why, for the *matière grasse* in which your fish was sautéed, Monsieur" was the reply. Most of the restaurants I visited were open only three or four days a week, and in them I noticed that one prewar French touch was conspicuously lacking: the dogs that patrons used to bring with them and that often ate out of their plates. In all my stay in Paris, I saw only one dog in a restaurant. He was given lettuce leaves to eat, and he ate them.

IN between my explorations, I ate comfortably and cheaply at the Wagram-Tuileries with Army officers and the Embassy staff. One night everyone at the mess was given an orange. I took mine home. A French friend visited me that evening and I offered it to him, apologizing for having no other refreshments. "Excuse me for laughing at your apology," he said. "This will be my first orange in five years. May I really eat it?" He ate half of it and took the other half home to his wife.

Quite often I was invited to lunch or dine in the homes of old French friends, most of whom looked decidedly thinner. I discovered that the food served at home varied much the way the restaurant fare did. On well-to-do tables appeared food from the black market—expensive, good, but almost always in small quantity. Less well-to-do friends were apt to serve meals of turnips or carrots, lettuce, bread, and fruit. These

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people, business or professional folk with small incomes, confessed to feeling a little hungry most of the time. Their meals made it easy for me to believe, as I had heard, that the French coal production had declined because so many miners weren't strong enough to do a full day's work. "Can you come to lunch tomorrow?" the wife of a painter asked me. "It's going to be my day for fish." I went, and after lunch I inquired how often fish day came around. "Oh, about once every two months,"

HOUBIGANT
Translucid

BRUGAL

but was now pretentiously labelled Beaujolais or Bordeaux—cost a little over twenty dollars. This was pretty good for Paris, and it was chiefly at the D—— that I returned my friends' hospitality. Once in a while, after I became a habitué, the D—— offered me meat, which was illegal in a restaurant at any time except Sunday noon, but in general people, business or professional folk with small incomes, confessed to feeling a little hungry most of the time. Their meals made it easy for me to believe, as I had heard, that the French coal production had declined because so many miners weren't strong enough to do a full day's work. "Can you come to lunch tomorrow?" the wife of a painter asked me. "It's going to be my day for fish." I went, and after lunch I inquired how often fish day came around. "Oh, about once every two months," the hostess said. As though to assuage the feeling of guilt that swept over me on learning that I'd eaten a third of my friends' two-month ration of fish, the postman arrived at that moment with a parcel which turned out to be the first of a series of packages that my wife, six or eight weeks before, had begun to mail from New York to our friends in Paris. My hostess unpacked it. Half a pound of coffee. A pound of sugar. Two cakes of soap. A bottle of olive oil. She is a sophisticated woman, but her behavior—her pleasure as she sniffed the unfamiliar smell of coffee and held the oil up to the light and exclaimed at its color—was like a child's.

Usually, on my way to a meal at a friend's, I'd stop in at a grocery store, and if I was lucky I'd be able to exchange some food tickets and francs for a minute quantity of oleomargarine or lard or cheese, which I'd take along the way one might take flowers. The appearance of these extra rations or of my wife's packages was, despite heroic attempts at self-control, frequently the cause of such emotion in my hosts that everyone present became shaken and red-eyed.

After considerable searching, I finally found a restaurant to which I could take my French friends for a fairly decent and not too impossibly expensive legal meal. This was the D——, a modest little place on the left bank. It had never been remarkable before the war, but now, though the cooking was still far from superb, it *was* remarkable, at least among the legal Paris restaurants. For example, at the D——, pâté de foie gras cost only a hundred and twenty-five francs extra a person, as contrasted with two hundred and fifty at the G——. One ate foie gras not primarily because one liked it but because it was about the only fatty food to be had. A meal for four—foie gras, fish or omelette (the D—— was the only French restaurant where I ever found eggs), a vegetable, strawberries, and a bottle of what used to be called vin ordinaire

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Translucid Lipstick, $1.00.
Cream Rouge to match, $1.25.
Face Powder, $1.50. *Foundation-tone,* $1.50.
Special Emollient Retiring Cream, $2.00.
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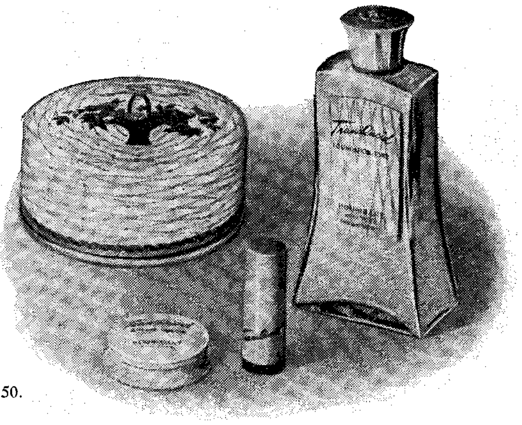

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SPECIAL FOR HIGHBALL
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but was now pretentiously labelled Beaujolais or Bordeaux—cost a little over twenty dollars. This was pretty good for Paris, and it was chiefly at the D—— that I returned my friends' hospitality. Once in a while, after I became a habitué, the D—— offered me meat, which was illegal in a restaurant at any time except Sunday noon, but in general it obeyed regulations, and one could enjoy a nourishing dinner without fearing that the place would be raided by the *police économique.*

AFTER a week in Normandy, during which a distinguished French literary friend in Rouen wept openly and unashamedly when I handed her a few candy bars, some soap, and a can of tomato juice—all I'd been able to buy at the local PX—I returned to Paris to find that the eating situation had changed a little. A new Minister of Food had come into office and was beginning to get tough with the black-market people, and as a result legal restaurants were so crowded that one could eat even less well than before, particularly since all supplements to menus had been declared illegal. One day, when I had invited a couple of friends to lunch, the G—— was in the midst of its *fermeture annuelle d'été* and the Ritz dining room refused to admit us because it had been allotted food for fifty-six people for that meal and there were already fifty-six people in the restaurant. We got into Rumpelmayer's. There was only one dish, a fish called *limande.* We were given the last four portions of it. That evening, unaccustomed crowds surged into the D——. The proprietor said he couldn't serve me pâté de foie gras because he'd be put in jail if he did, and he offered me one thing and one thing only—*limande.* So I ate *limande* again. Dessert was green almonds or unripe peaches.

I WENT back to America a few days later, after distributing what was left of my French food tickets and taking a few more names and addresses to add to my wife's mailing list. Unfortunately, I couldn't give my mess card to anyone.

I didn't have quite as many food tickets to give my friends as I'd hoped. Shortly before my departure, I caught the grippe and spent three days in my room in the little hotel to which the Embassy had moved me after my first night and breakfast at the Ritz. Although the restaurant had been closed for months and its food rations, just enough to feed the staff, were very small, the hotel kindly served me two meals a day while I was ill. All the meals were identical: a bowl of vegetable soup, bread, and a dish of noodles. This was exactly what I felt like eating, it was deliciously cooked, and for each meal I was charged only eighty cents. Oddly, of all the meals I had in Paris, it was these sick-room trays that most poignantly brought back to mind the cheap, simple, perfectly prepared meals one enjoyed in France before the war. I mentioned this one day to the hotel cook, an old, placid-seeming woman who brought me the trays herself. She thanked me, took the requisite food tickets, and went to the door. There she turned and addressed me with sudden emotion. "You who so appreciate the *cuisine française*, Monsieur," she said, "can you tell me of anyone in the world who has better reason to be bored with her profession than one who is unfortunate enough to be a cook at this moment in France?" I assured her that I could well understand how she felt, and she twisted her wrinkled face into a grimace in which anger and sorrow were about equally mingled. "*Cuisine française*," she demanded, in a tone that would have honored an apostrophe of Racine, "*où es-tu?*" I couldn't give her a very good answer. I could only say that, wherever it had gone, I hoped the new Food Minister would find it and bring it back.

—Francis Steegmuller

•

TREES

There are some trees, as there are birds
And animals, who will attend
In charming trust upon man's ways
And look to him as to a friend.

An elm will shadow an old roof,
And lilacs scent a household breeze,
And maples line a curving drive,
Fulfilling thus their destinies.

But plant a pine beside your house
And it waits, gloomy and apart,
Dark as an Indian who stands,
An exile with a breaking heart.

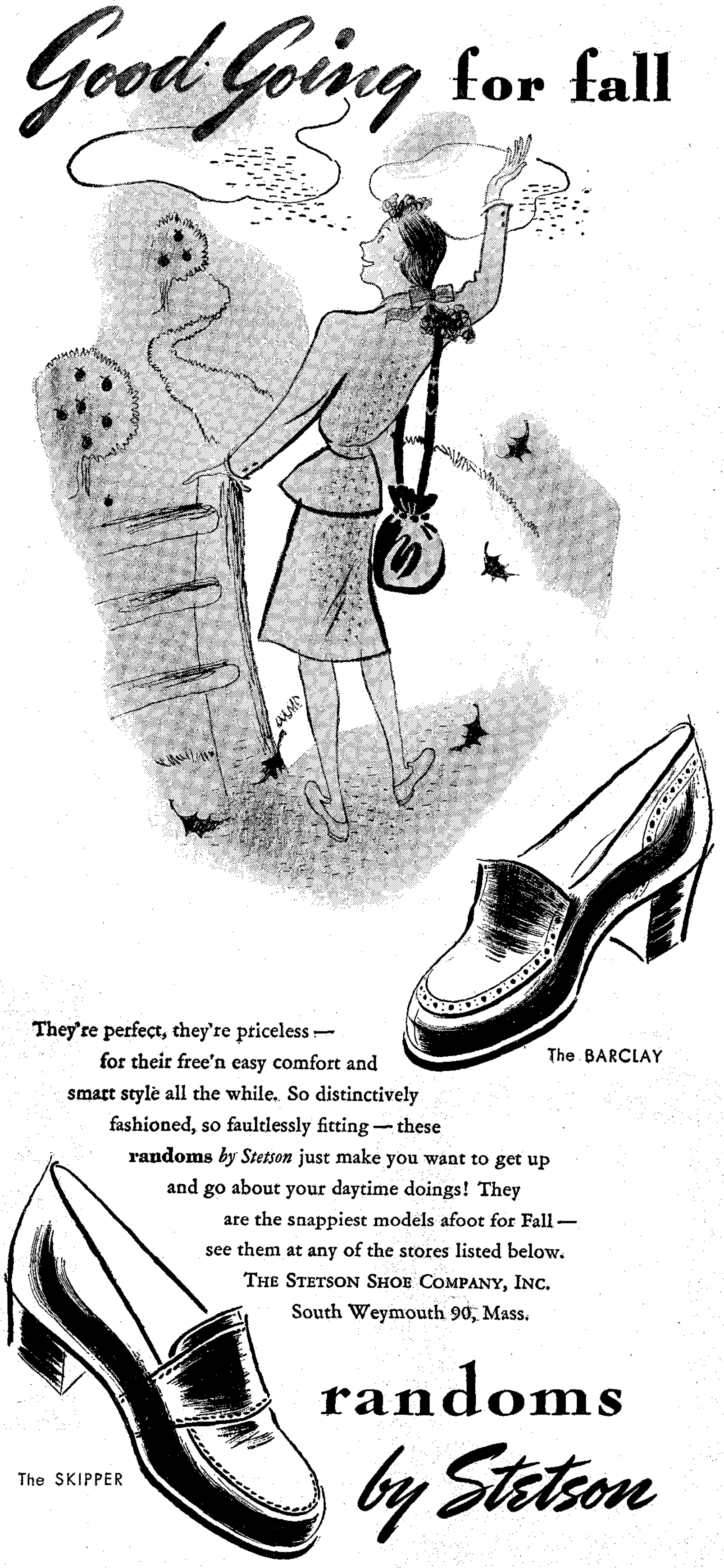
—Elizabeth Coatsworth

•

No screen couple so typically American as Robert Hutton and Joan Leslie.—*Lowell E. Redelings in the Hollywood Citizen-News.*

No screen couple so typically young American as Van Johnson and Esther Williams.—*Ed Sullivan, same paper, same issue, same page.*

In short, no screen couple.



Good Going for fall

They're perfect, they're priceless— for their free'n easy comfort and smart style all the while. So distinctively fashioned, so faultlessly fitting—these **randoms** *by Stetson* just make you want to get up and go about your daytime doings! They are the snappiest models afoot for Fall—see them at any of the stores listed below.

The Stetson Shoe Company, Inc.
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"More by the pair . . . Less by the year"

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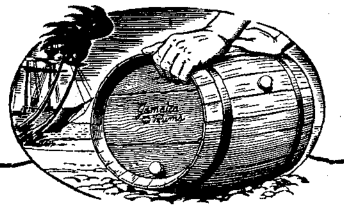

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Try Jamaica Rums as a liqueur, and in highballs, mixed drinks, and cooking recipes! You'll appreciate what centuries of rigid, British Empire control means to Jamaica Rums, and to YOU!

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GENUINE Jamaica Rums

Whitehall
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Mixture
Custom blended from the finest tobaccos grown — Sweet and mellow from the first puff.

Whitehall LONDON MIXTURE

The distinctive aroma of Whitehall is insured by skillful blending of the world's finest tobaccos. Pocket-size package, 30 cents.

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TOBACCO COMPANY
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THE COMPLIMENT

THEY sat smiling at each other across a white tablecloth and random cutlery, in a restaurant in the East Forties called the Ruban Blanc. Lewis had been a friend for years and years. He visited Nora and her husband in Connecticut, and when she came down for a day's shopping she often telephoned him and they had luncheon together, a pleasant interim for her in a day of buying cotton underpants for the little boys, or chairs, or chintz.

Today was like a party. Lewis had just informed her that he was going to be married the next day, and the two golden Martinis disappeared in amiable toasts.

"What's her name?" Nora asked.

"Mary."

"I knew it was!" Nora said. And indeed she had somehow known. "I drink to Mary's reforming your horrid habit of reading in the bathtub."

"How did you know I did?"

"The last time you visited us I found 'Memoirs of a Midget' *all damp*, and smelling like '4711' soap. That's what matrimony's like," she warned him, "a highly developed form of espionage. Are you sure you want to go in for it? You know, I'm really desperately jealous. If there ever was one, I thought you were the perennial bachelor. I wanted you for my old age, as a comfort." He grinned a new, secret grin he never had had before, and she watched him and smiled, too.

The shad roe, when it came, was tiny. Nora's morning's shopping had made her ravenous, and three bites for Lewis, four for her, and the plates were empty. He pushed away his green salad. "You don't want anything more, do you?" he asked pointedly. "You don't want any dreadful, custardy *dessert*, or anything like that? We're going shopping." Outside the restaurant he took her arm and steered her toward Fifth Avenue.

"She's size twelve," he murmured in the crowded elevator of the first department store they came to. The beady eye of a baum marten was between Nora and him, and one vast plastic earring and a wall of perfume. She lifted her eyebrows and nodded. It filled her with a warm, benevolent, amused feeling to be reminded that men still had the time and inclination to fall in love with size twelves. Avoiding the eye of the baum marten, she smiled approval on him. Not that he cares, she thought. His eyes were like the eyes of a child with two degrees of fever.

They almost fell out of the elevator and, with Lewis eighteen inches behind her, Nora led the way across an acre of tan-gray carpeting. "I knew you'd know your way," he said, sighing with relief.

"You don't want transparent black, do you?" Nora asked. "Or do you? Black chiffon?"

"God, no!"

"That's what I thought. Not black lace, either?"

His denial was again violent, but she knew from the look in his eye that neither was he thinking of white.

"A really beautiful nightgown, please," she said to the saleswoman behind a counter. "Not white. Not black."

A high tide of really beautiful nightgowns washed up out of boxes onto the counter—pink, pale pink, pinkish white, pale blue, aquamarine, yellow like the Martinis.

"No lace," Nora said firmly, as she would have said if she had been alone, and then remembered to turn to him. "Am I right?"

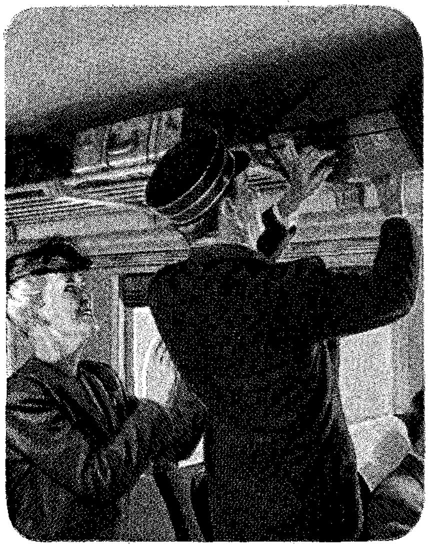
"No lace," he said, and added in an unconvincingly unconcerned murmur, "But kind of filmy."

She thought, I was so flattered at his asking me to shop with him that I never thought to find out first exactly what was in his mind. Now, with the saleswoman eying them narrowly, holding a pale-blue nightgown up as if she thought it was too good for them, Nora knew that she was at a loss. She looked doubtfully from him to the clerk, and back again.

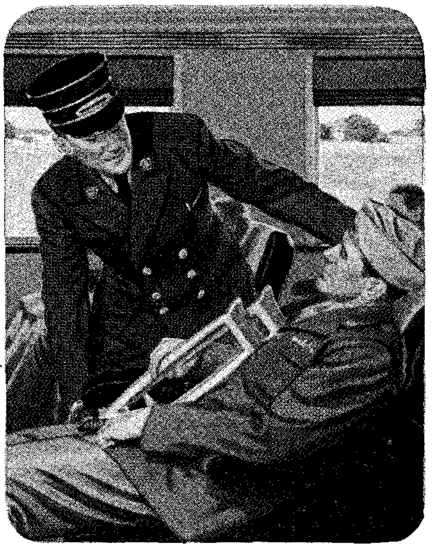
"None of these are the color I want," he said at last. "There's a color . . . Well, there used to be a low-growing kind of phlox in my grandmother's garden that was the color I mean. Pinkish-tannish. She's dark," he added, as if that explained everything. There was a moment of complete silence, a little vacuum in time, as if they had all three blacked out. Then Lewis fetched a sigh. "It was

It's all in a day's work!

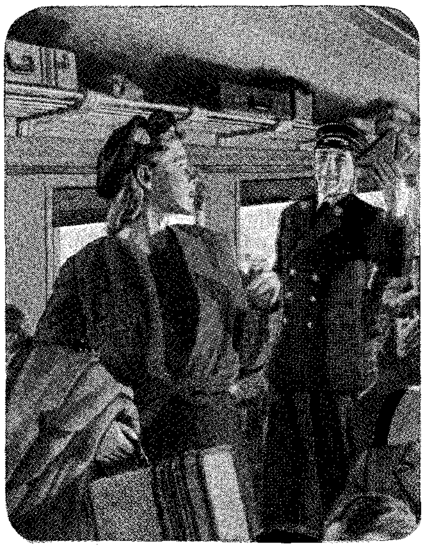
. . . WITH A PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TRAINMAN



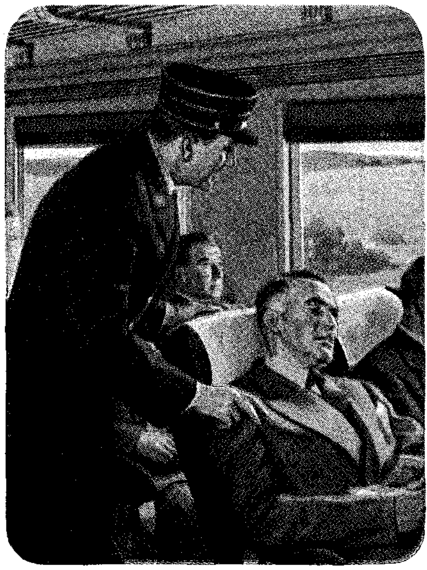
"Let me take that, madam." Half the pleasure in any job is in helping others. That's a little thought the Pennsylvania Railroad always seeks to develop among all employees.



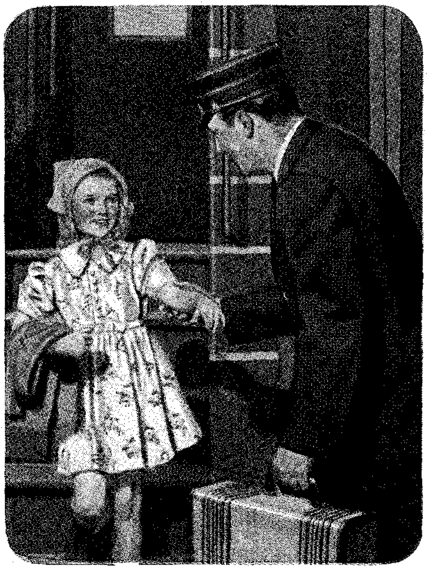
"Just let me adjust that seat!" It's the little things that count. Making just that extra effort to make passengers a bit more comfortable—that spirit everyone appreciates.



"Forgot your purse, miss." Making these discoveries before rather than after, saves passengers embarrassment. That is another reason why alertness is encouraged.



"Your stop next, sir." Looking after the welfare of passengers is almost like being father to a big family. But if it has responsibility, it has its satisfaction, too.



"That's it! Just step down." Not only a safe journey for one and all—but a pleasant journey also. Through alert, friendly personal service Pennsylvania Railroad trainmen help make this possible.

More than 4 times as many people are traveling by train as in 1939. So a trainman has his hands full! Nonetheless every Pennsylvania Railroad employee—in whatever job—is trying to do his or her best to serve both travelers and shippers—with that spirit of "tireless friendliness" which we seek to encourage among all employees at all times.

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Celanese Corporation of America,
New York 16

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Celanese Linings of Synthetic Yarn*

a *Phlox subulata,* I suppose," he said kindly, for the saleswoman's enlightenment. This was too much for her; with an ineffable, unmatchable dexterity she flicked the folds of the nightgowns together, flick, flack, over only twice and there each one was, back in its oblong box, fitting exactly, its shoulder straps out of sight, its ribbon belt in a negligent but beautiful bow.

"There must be other places," Lewis said as they turned away. "But what about *your* shopping? I don't want to ruin your shopping."

"I'm having a heavenly time," Nora assured him, and this was true. Unobtrusively she dropped the crumpled shopping list she had been carrying into the next jar of sand, leaving it there without a single backward qualm.

THEY went to great big places on Fifth Avenue, and some of the small ones on Madison, and they even darted into an occasional expensive-looking one on the side streets between.

"Because it's got to be expensive," Lewis said doggedly.

"It will be," Nora promised, "if it exists." Then she was sorry. She had forgotten how physically and spiritually exhausting shopping is for men. When she went shopping with her husband at Christmastime, she sometimes lost him for minutes on end. He had the habit of trailing slightly behind her and to the left, and when, as frequently happened, she saw something down an aisle to the right and went after it, sometimes he didn't see her go and kept right on and on and on, ending up among the unpainted furniture or at the drug counter. Now, stealing a glance at Lewis as they crossed the street, she saw unmistakable traces of that disenchantment. "Come on," she said. "One more. I have a feeling we'll find it this time."

They walked up Fifth Avenue to a huge white building that cut the blue sky; a gold light washed down it. "I have a feeling," Nora said.

But even there they could find nothing the color of the particular *Phlox subulata* Lewis remembered. The gray carpet was exceptionally soft, the elevator doors pinged musically in the sweet-smelling air, lovely clothes hung motionless on wax figures in niches and moved on models, every one of whom was six feet tall and lissome as a rubber band, but nowhere, nowhere could they find the nightgown they wanted.

"That's a beautiful *house coat,*" Nora said at last, pointing to a sea-green-and-white striped negligee on a wax figure. "You wouldn't want to

FLIGHT FORUM

One of the first persons to rush aboard an airliner with a camera, now that the ban on pictures from planes is being lifted, is a man looking for an ampersand. He's just hoping stray clouds won't prevent him from placing an "&" on film to add the final touch to his aerial alphabet.

• • •

On plane trips before Pearl Harbor he always carried a camera and gradually took up the hobby of several pilots: collecting an alphabet from topographical features. Meandering rivers formed curvaceous S's and U's, a mountain trail a W. Trees blocked off roads into X's, T's and I's. A race track was an O; another track with a straight extension made a fair Q. Airport runways shaped an A and F. But nowhere could he find the "&" until during the war years, just when he couldn't carry a camera, he flew over a newly-built road intersection. Its white concrete under-and-overpasses set between two black asphalt highways made the "&" you might scrawl with pencil or pen. That's the ampersand he's after.

• • •

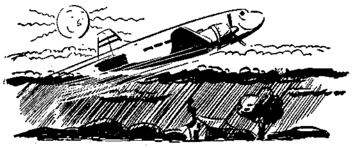
Call him mildly mad if you will, but he's correct in that photography and flying mix well. As more Wright Cyclone-powered planes appear and travel eases, take a camera along for an extra-pleasant flight. You might also take these suggestions: Most any camera will work well. With so much sunlight aloft, you don't need a $300 gadget and technical vocabulary to match. Use a fast shutter speed and small lens opening. If that's Greek to you, ask any shutterbug fiend to set your camera that way.

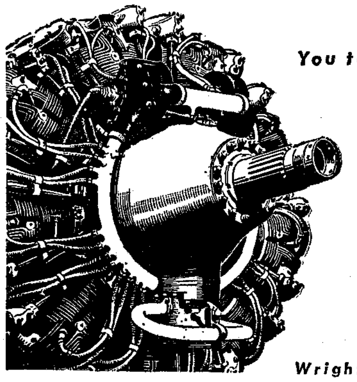
• • •

As for subjects, one airline considerately flies directly over the Grand Canyon. Another passes Stone Mountain; the hostess will ask the pilot in advance on which side of the plane you should sit. Niagara is epic from the air. So is Manhattan, or any big city, the Golden Gate Bridge, or the Rockies. Contour farming makes weird, beautiful patterns.

• • •

Yet clouds are the most beautiful of all. Air travelers insist you've never seen clouds until you climb on smooth Wright Cyclone power through gray skies and break into sunshine, a "floor" of custard-white stretching for 300 miles on all sides. But in this light, use a filter. Or even sunglasses held over the lens. Color film will work wonders, either in still or movie cameras. But with any film or camera, you'll find more fun in flying, an easier way to explain to your family and friends the pleasure of scenery by air.





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give her a house coat, would you?" By then she would have been quite glad to hear him say, "Why, *yes*. Why not? That would do nicely." He raised his eyebrows as if he was considering her suggestion, but she knew by the line of his mouth that there was to be no compromise. "There it is again, on that model," she said, and made a gesture that brought the model swimming slowly up to them, turning and floating. "Isn't that pretty? It's just like the one on the figure over there."

"Not quite, Madam," the model said. "The neck is different. That one's a hundred and thirty-five, and this one, this one's only a hundred."

"I don't see," said Nora irritably, "how you can bear to wear the one that only costs a hundred."

"Pardon?" The model inclined her head solicitously, and as Nora opened her mouth to repeat her unreasonable words, the model said, "Sometimes I wish I was home in my sweater and skirt." Then she remembered herself, straightened up, like a peacock, and began to turn expertly from side to side so they could see every detail. She swayed, and a glimpse of something soft showed at the hem.

"What's she got on underneath?" Lewis asked suddenly.

"Oh, it's charming," the model said, and lifted up the skirt of the house coat. Beneath it, filmy pinkish-tannish folds hung full and straight to the floor. "A nightgown, and the top is Greek," she said. "We call it Circe."

NORA and Lewis were so delighted that they couldn't wait for the elevator but ran down the stairs they found beyond an exit door. The box Lewis carried was enormous. "Mostly tissue paper," Nora told him. "Mountains of it. Ten dollars' worth of tissue paper alone." They went out onto the wide, sunny pavement and a taxi drew up.

"You want it, don't you, to go to the station?" Lewis asked. Nothing was more obvious than that he wanted it for himself and his treasure—to hop into it, to slam the door, and be off.

She shook her head. "I have to go and buy school clothes for the little boys," she said.

They shook hands, suddenly speechless in the sun. He meant to say, "Thank you very much for helping me with my shopping," and she would have liked to say, "I hope you have a lovely life," but they only beamed at each other and parted.

She walked off around the corner, elated, laughing inside. The sun shone

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down, the crowds streamed by, everyone looked happy. She glanced at her wristwatch; there was just time to get the little boys' school clothes before her train. But she walked slower, and then slower, stopped, turned, and retraced her steps to the white building.

"Another Circe, Madam? Certainly," the woman who had waited on them said. "Same color and size?"

"The same color," Nora said, and had to add, elaborately casual but sighing, sighing for something she had lost and really didn't want back, "but have you one a size larger?"

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

●

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

THE EVENING SUN
BALTIMORE, MD.

AUGUST 21

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

THE author of the profile of Mr. William L. Laurence, entitled "The Infinitesimal and the Infinite," in your issue of August 18th, states:

> The news that the day of the atomic bomb was near and that the explosive force of a few pounds of split atoms would equal that of the bomb load of thousands of planes was presented to the general public for the first time by Laurence, on Page 1 of the *Times* of May 5, 1940. (The general public took it calmly.)

On September 12, 1939, there appeared on the editorial page of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* a two-column article containing a detailed description of the development of the atomic, or uranium, bomb and of its potentialities—"a million times more violent than dynamite." This article was based upon material published shortly before Britain went to war, in *Discovery*, a scientific periodical issued by Cambridge University, of limited circulation but available to anyone who cared to subscribe. Warning was given that the Germans were at work on the bomb, but the article also stated that the British, French, and Americans were working on it too and that ultimate success probably would be achieved in the United States. This article in the Baltimore *Evening Sun* may have been the first scientific presentation in any American newspaper of the atomic bomb. It was nearly eight months ahead of the *Times*. (The Baltimore public took it calmly.)

R. P. HARRISS,
Associate Editor

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BOOKS

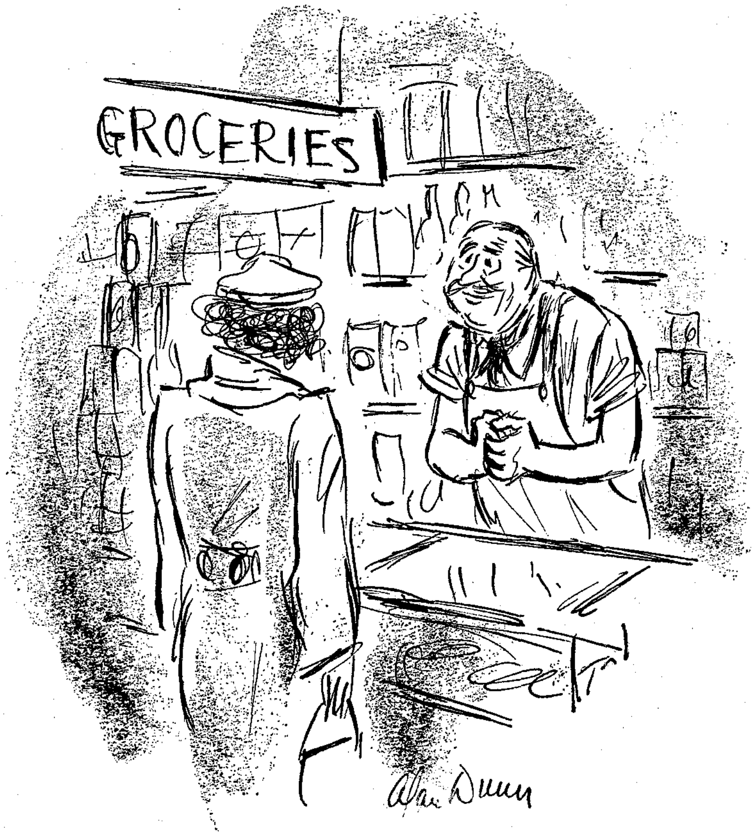
Read 'Em and Weep

A LITERARY controversy has flared up recently in which the stakes of prestige are high and the polemics learned and angry, though each of the two disputants is careful, in his latest printed work, to refrain from dignifying the other as a serious rival. The works in question are "Scarne on Dice," by John Scarne (Military Service Publishing Company), and "MacDougall on Dice and Cards," by Samuel Michael "Mickey" MacDougall (Coward-McCann), the second of which I prefer to consider here in its dice aspects only. Mr. MacDougall offers some interesting and, as far as I can judge, sound advice and information on playing poker, gin rummy, and blackjack, but dice—that is, craps—is the field wherein both he and Mr. Scarne see their signal opportunity and project their widest ambitions. Each would be Copernicus, or at any rate Hoyle. The post of formulator and arbitrator for craps is wide open, and it would seem that those bodies of earlier scientific thought and writing which were upended by Columbus or speared by Pasteur were no more misshapen and false than the studies of crap shooting published before 1945. Scarne and MacDougall are exact scientists running wild with clubs through an alchemist's workshop. At certain points in this happy proceeding, they catch sight of each other, exchange sneers, and pass on, each tossing over his shoulder a warning to the public to keep a sharp eye on the other guy.

Hoyle (which means Hoyle's editors over the years) is badly mauled. His mathematics, which, by the way, is as wrong for poker as for craps, has been questioned at times by other writers in various books and magazines, but Scarne, who has lots of space at his disposal, questions all these writers in turn, knocks them firmly over the skull, and leaves them for dead. Among the pretenders to gambling science whom he derides or demolishes in passing are Michael Osser, Herbert Asbury, an unnamed reporter in the *American Weekly*, A. B. J. Foundling, Albert H. Morehead (game editor of practically everything from the *Times* on down), and a highly original savant of Duke University named Dr. Rhine, who has been rolling quantities of dice in his laboratory for ten years. The Doctor's researches have led him to suspect the existence of a force he calls psychokinesis, a psychic relation between the dice and the shooter, which he has expounded in the *Journal of Parapsychology*. Scarne, laughing fiendishly, jumps up and down on the idea with both feet. He also denounces MacDougall. MacDougall denounces Scarne, without naming him, and throws in Hoyle for good measure.

One of the first and ablest students of chance to blast the Hoyle mathematics was Dr. Horace C. Levinson, author of a fine, scholarly, readable book called "Your Chance to Win," which appeared in 1939. MacDougall's publisher asked Dr. Levinson to check MacDougall's percentages for "MacDougall on Dice," by way of giving the book a Ph.D. endorsement, and Scarne, who had the advantage of being able to read "MacDougall on Dice" just before rounding out "Scarne on Dice," leaps nimbly upon this coalition. "I might mention," he writes, "MacDougall's statement that anyone with a grammar-school education can figure out the odds in a dice game and then wonder why it was necessary, as his publisher's foreword states, to have all the odds in his book verified by a professor of mathematics who is an internationally recognized authority, but I won't. It's time we went on to something important."

That is the tone, generally, of Scarne on MacDougall, and vice versa. Neither evangelist of exact bone science will pay the other the compliment of taking him seriously, because it would establish the rights of two men to a throne on which only one can sit securely. The stakes, as I said before, are high. The war made craps the favorite and steady pastime of millions of men, the most dynamic redistributor of wealth now in existence, with the possible exception of battle itself. As every crapshooter knows, there is no official, or even semiofficial, Hoylesque code to which litigants can refer. And the amount of litigation is terrific, rising as it does from a dozen disputed points of procedure and etiquette as well as from a score of mathematical problems.



Scarne and MacDougall are agreed on mathematics, each having corrected Hoyle, ambushed Hoyle's other correctors, and formulated the true odds. On the rules, they do not see eye to eye at all. MacDougall presents a chapter called "Rules for Craps," while Scarne unveils "Scarne's Official Rules for Craps." The officiality of Scarne, though self-assumed, gains weight, as does his book, from the fact that this scornful virtuoso of the bones has worked for the U.S. Army (touring the camps to give demonstrations of crooked gambling techniques) and has been published by the Army, in *Yank*. His book has come out in four hundred and twenty-two large, slick pages of text, appendices, index, and photographs, while Mac-

Owl he crows for midnight,
Rooster crows for day.
Boss, I'm going to take that boat,
And I'm going far away.
River song

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and **BLOW FOR A LANDING**
Sketches by Alice Caddy

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E. P. DUTTON, N. Y. C.

Dougall has been confined the way most authors have been of late. Scarne can thus give seven and a half pages to belittling MacDougall, while MacDougall has only four paragraphs for Scarne, devoted to a criticism of some phases of Scarne's campaign in *Yank* against crooked gamblers. In the all-important matter of rules for craps, they differ on four major points. MacDougall says cocked dice don't count. Scarne says they do. MacDougall says the original shooter should be designated by a roll for high dice by all players. Scarne says anyone named by the players can shoot first. MacDougall says a die rolled out of sight of all players is void. Scarne says it should be tracked down, read, and counted. MacDougall permits the stopping, or so-called "gating," of the dice by another player while they are still in motion. Scarne says the hell with that.

Both lawgivers—and here we enter upon a brief digression to be known as Lardner on Dice—avoid in their tablets a definitive ruling on an issue that has produced more scalp wounds and abraded friendships than any I know: namely, the order in which the other players fade the shooter's money. The convention is for the player on the shooter's right to fade first, which is the same as MacDougall's suggestion that the last man to seven-out be given first chance to cover the next bet. But there are innumerable cases in which someone two or three or four places removed from the shooter has been losing heavily on the roll and deserves protection in fading, which Scarne and MacDougall do not provide. Again, in his seven and a half pages of down-with-MacDougall, Scarne heaps contempt upon what is called the Two-Way System for winning at craps. Its technique is somewhat too involved to discuss in detail here, but I would like to be on record as recalling that when I was a freshman in college, long before I had heard of Scarne or MacDougall or anyone else in literature except Cicero and Lorna Doone, I discovered the Two-Way System for myself and did handsomely with it, to the extent of three free trips to Boston and a case of Scotch which the bootlegger and the bottles said was Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Several years ago I came by accident across an unpretentious little green paperback pamphlet called "Craps," by Anonymous, who turned out, upon investigation, to be an old house dice dealer named Johnnie Johnson. This treatise preceded Scarne and MacDougall

Supplement One

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SINCE the current edition of *The American Language* was published, in 1936, Mr. Mencken has been accumulating new material on the subject, and the present volume is the result.

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in announcing what might be termed the keynote of dice mathematics—that the percentage against the dice, against the shooter, in craps is 1.414—and it added a homely reflection that I do not find in the works of the Masters. "Loss of valuable friendship follows inevitably in the wake of the game," said Anonymous in regard to the pastime of Augustus, Caligula, Villon, and Nick the Greek.

As aspirants to the position of the Hoyle of craps, Scarne and MacDougall may be forgiven for bypassing the social flaws of the game. Both men, incidentally, being prestidigitators and active sleuths on the trail of crookedness in private life, might have been expected to call on ghosts to help write their books, and Scarne, at least, did. But the haunting is suitably meek and does not for an instant lessen the personal and scientific impact of Scarne himself on Dice. —JOHN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ROOSTER CROWS FOR DAY, by Ben Lucien Burman (Dutton). A passion to see the world takes a very young, very innocent, and very trusting Mississippi River pilot to Africa, where he navigates a steamboat up the Congo. Broken as a pilot by the unscrupulous owner, he settles down to raise bananas in a region infested with fever and overrun with elephants, pigmies, ghosts, and a general spirit of disaster. Through all his serious misfortunes, the young man manages to preserve the sort of simplicity and kindliness we like to think is typically American. A good enough story, but one that Mr. Burman's readers are likely to compare disparagingly with his warm, vivid chronicles of the Mississippi.

THE BLACK ROSE, by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday, Doran). To those who have not kept an eye on the popular historical novel of recent years, Mr. Costain's enormously pretentious romance will probably read like a parody of the genre. Anyone who has taken such novels as they came will, however, know that "The Black Rose" is no more than the inevitable result of an industrious competition in which the winning author is the one who pumps the most hot air into his work. Mr. Costain's story concerns a thirteenth-century Englishman who, after a stormy career as a student at Oxford and adventures which include championing the rights of the common man, sets off with a young friend to seek his fortune in China. Up to this point, Mr. Costain sticks to the pompous style de rigueur in this sort of historical fiction; once the travellers get as far as Antioch, however, things begin to happen too fast for him to bother with such conventions, and except for the pidgin English spoken by the Chinese who come into the narrative, the story rattles along in very modern idiom. The publishers hint on the dust jacket that the end of the novel is a surprise, but it seems likely that they have overestimated the human brain's capacity for astonishment. After four hundred and three pages of miraculous coincidence, hairbreadth escapes, tortures, disciplinary floggings of beautiful, half-naked girls, disguises, plots, flights, and a passionate love affair between the hero and a cute little Greek girl, no lending-library customer will be surprised at anything, no matter how hard Mr. Costain tries.

HEARTWOOD, by Anne Miller Downes (Lippincott). An unassuming story about a tough little boy from a poor mountain home in Vermont who is brought up by a tart old aunt in a sedate New England village and develops into a quietly heroic man. Miss Downes' novel would probably not have suffered much if she had left out the plot, and she is far from being an expert writer, but she manages to get a certain delicate life into her characters and to make the conflict between the boy's love for a gently reared village girl and his feeling of responsibility toward his rough mountain people credible and moving.

GENERAL

THE STORY OF THE SPRINGFIELD PLAN, by Clarence I. Chatto and Alice L. Halligan (Barnes & Noble), and THE SPRINGFIELD PLAN, by Alexander Alland and James Waterman Wise (Viking). Two pieces of evidence whose importance is enormous, since they prove that racial prejudice and religious intolerance can be overcome. Springfield, Massachusetts—a "typical" industrial city with a "typical" admixture of races and creeds—has for five years made an organized effort, participated in by schools, churches, and civic agencies, to teach its people how to live and work together as democratic equals. All that need be said, at the end of five years, is that the program works and that it is an experiment no less valuable than the T.V.A. These two books show how the Springfield plan works and why it works, and also how, by the simple process of imitation, it could be made to work in every other town in the country. Both volumes are illustrated, both are written without any high emotion or rhetoric, and both deserve to be very, very widely read.

SLOW TRAIN TO YESTERDAY, by Archie Robertson (Houghton Mifflin). An affectionate recollection of things in the railroading past that is almost guaranteed to entertain anyone who ever got a cinder in his eye while riding next to an open window on a "short-line" train. Old railroad addicts will probably want to quarrel with some of Mr. Robertson's statistics, but anybody who quarrels with his anecdotes and his picture of America in the pre-streamlined age of travel will be ungrateful indeed. Illustrated.

STRUGGLING UPWARD AND OTHER WORKS, by Horatio Alger, Jr., with an introduction by Russel Crouse (Crown). The "other works" in this collection of stories by the dumpy, baldish man whose fictional sermons about success touched the lives and imaginations of millions of American boys now growing dumpy and baldish themselves are "Ragged Dick," "Phil, the Fiddler," and "Jed, the Poorhouse Boy." Although these morality tales are no closer to being literature than they were when they were written, they are really much better, on almost every count, than the rather similar success stories that manage to get printed week after week in the magazines. Mr. Crouse, in his introduction, is amusing at times, but he couldn't have done a better job of missing the im-

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Harvey Girls of the 1890's, we find, have been the inspiration for one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's major productions of the coming season. It's a beautiful new musical, filmed in Technicolor, starring Judy Garland. "THE HARVEY GIRLS" tells the story of Fred Harvey waitresses who found adventure and romance on the western frontier.

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portance and significance of Alger if he had tried.

NOTE: "Persian Gulf Command," by Joel Sayre, has been published by Random House. It tells of the American Army's struggles and achievements in getting war supplies for Russia across the terrain and through the climate of Iran. Much of the material appeared, in somewhat different form, in *The New Yorker's* "A Reporter at Large" department. The book has a preface by James Thurber and is illustrated by reproductions of ten paintings by Bruce Mitchell for *Life*.

•

DEAR MRS. MAYFIELD:

About a year ago my husband gave me some guppies for a birthday present. Being expert mathematicians they have multiplied past all belief.

From one bowl they have spread to a dozen, so I have made the most of this bounty and achieved quite an effect in my living room with regular square tanks of guppies set across the windows and over the mantel.

Two months ago, my husband complained that home seemed like an aquarium and wanted me to get rid of the guppies. At first I said I would, then the question arose of which guppies to give away. It wasn't until then that I realized how fond I was of each individual guppy. I explained this to my husband. He took the attitude that I was catering to the guppies instead of to him.

He became extremely spiteful and threatened to put frogs in with the guppies so that the frogs would eat them up, but he never did. Instead, he bought some sort of vine that grows outrageously fast and planted several sprigs of this in pots around the room. I honestly thought they looked real pretty.

But the vines would sprout and my husband would root the shoots and plant them. Now the whole room looks like a jungle. Not content with the vines, my husband has gotten potted plants of all varieties, snake-plant, sweet potato vines, bulbs, ivy and what-not.

The shedding of dead leaves makes quite a mess. Naturally, I am very anxious to ask him to cut down on his plants—but he won't, I'm sure, unless I give up some of the guppies.

I know it sounds silly to you, but once you get into the "guppy habit" it really gets you and you just sort of want to go on watching the little fellows increase. I can't stand the idea of giving them away! Can you suggest some way I might get him to give up his plants without giving up my guppies? ADELAIDE.

DEAR ADELAIDE:

Why don't you give your guppies away to friends and then go avisiting and keep up with them in this manner, and watch your tribe increase from a distance? M. M.

—*From an advice column in the Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

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